

Modern Man

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER OF GENERAL INTEREST.

No. 203.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21ST, 1912.

(Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.)

ONE PENNY.



IN THE STOCKS.—No. 4: MR. OUTHWAITE, M.P.

READERS' SALE and EXCHANGE.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, MODERN MAN, 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Why not dress better for less money; call or write for particulars, W. W. Hedgecoe and Co. (West End Cutting Experts) 147, Holborn Bars, E.C. (two doors from Gray's Inn Road.).

Blue serge suit, cost 60s., 20s.; black lounge coat and vest, cost 55s., 25s.; fawn, dust coat, cost 45s., 20s.; all quite new; superior; want cash.—T. Esteotte, 2, Rutland Villas, Boreham Road, Wood Green.

Gentleman's solid leather double hat box, 7s. 6d.—Box 9500, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Fashionable good dark grey overcoat, deep velvet collar, patch pockets, strap cuffs, belt at back, full skirt, chest 39in., suit tall gentleman; misfit, cost £3; genuine bargain, £1.—Box 9501, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's dress suit, inside leg 31in., waist 40in., inside sleeve 18in., chest 40in.; good condition; 21s.—Box 9502, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Lea Francis cycle, good as new, 2 speed gear, all accessories, including 12s. 6d. acetylene lamp, new roadster tyre on back wheel; cost 20gs., will accept £7 10s.—Box 9507, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's Model de Luxe cycle, genuine B.S.A. components, Sturmey Archer 3 speed, Dunlops, oil bath, gear case, Brooks' saddle; highest grade machine, ridden few times, unsoiled; accessories; sacrifice £6 17s. 6d. and pay carriage; no offers.—Box 9508, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Sandow's 7-spring plated grip dumbbells, scarcely used; cost 12s. 6d., lowest 5s. 6d.—Box 9509, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, secondhand vaulting horse, parallel bars, Indian clubs, rings.—Box 9510, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

Absolute Genuine Moustache Grower, known to grow a moustache in a few weeks. Advertiser will be pleased to send recipe and full particulars to all sending P.O., value 1s. 1d.—Box 8029, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Why suffer with Piles? Buer Mul-lah and Powder is a safe, certain, and speedy cure; cures permanently the worst cases. Send two stamps for free sample.—Prof. Buer, 5251, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, S.E.

Marvellous hair grower, restores grey hair to its natural colour; absolutely genuine, results certain; recipe, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box No. 9172, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

One of the finest known tonics for all nervous disorders, headache, indigestion, etc., etc.; recipe, 1s. 1d. P.O.—Box 9173, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Certain cure for falling hair and dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Marvel moustache grower, grows manly moustache very quickly, never fails; recipe 7d.—Holden, George Street, Weston-super-Mare.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Clerks: Send postcard to-day for free interesting booklet on the famous "New Rapid" course of practical book keeping. Study becomes a pleasure. Sent free.—Book-keeping, Holborn Hall College, London, W.C.

For High-grade Positions see Hapgood's advertisement, page 1372.

Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" high-speed Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve easy lessons. Eighty words per minute in four weeks. Used by fastest official Parliamentary Reporters daily. Holds the world's speed record. Simple, rapid, legible, practical. New illustrated handbook, with testimonials and specimen lesson, gratis and post free.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London, W.C. Telephone 6111 Holborn.

"How to Make a Speech."—Learn the art of public speaking and become a leader of men. Develop your mental power and personality. Our interesting pamphlet gives valuable information. Sent gratis and post free.—London Institute, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

Harmsworth's Encyclopædia, 25 parts, cost 14s.; in exchange, or what offers. Quite new.—Box 9518, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 8d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

A Fountain Pen for 7d., post free. Our latest invention, the "Swift" Fountain Pen, is an absolutely world's wonder; always ready for use; best finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. to-day to Box 4597, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Quarter-plate stand camera, double extension, inlet turntable, roller blind shutter, good R.R. lens, double dark slide, good condition, 10s.—Box 9503, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Banjo, new, zither, maker Arthur Wil-murst, in new leather case; cost £6 15s.; sacrifice for £3 17s. 6d.—Box 9509, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, cheap for cash, height-increasing course, also 1 pair gent's Sandow dumb-bells.—Box 9520, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Roneo duplicator, foolscap, No. 10, self-inking, self-feeding, cost 16gs., 7gs.; same size, earlier pattern, 4gs.—Box 9511, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

"Modern Man" pocket knife, a treasure, two fine steel blades, in fine English oxydised steel handles, best make, post free 1s. 1d.; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4596, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, roll-top desk, drawers both sides; must be in good condition and cheap.—Box 9519, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Strong Will Power, and how to obtain it. See The St. Settef Institute announcement on page 1370.

PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 15s. 6d. one of MODERN MAN 10s. 6d. Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib. For particulars see page 1374.

FREE SHAVING SET COUPON.

Six of these Coupons, cut from the current issue of MODERN MAN, and a P.O. for 1s. to cover carriage and packing expenses, secures a 5s. Silver Plated Patent MODERN MAN Safety Razor, a Silver Plated Stropper, and a 1s. stick of Shaving Soap in metal tube; all completely packed in handsome case. For particulars see page 1376.

Dated September 21, 1912.

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NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor is at all times ready to consider good topical articles and short stories (not to exceed 1,500 words), which must be legibly written or typed, on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for return in case of rejection. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution submitted on approval. Contributions will be paid for on publication, at our usual rates.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

We shall be pleased to receive from readers in any part of the country information regarding local affairs or newspaper cuttings on matters of topical interest, suitable to deal with under this heading.

With newspaper cuttings the title heading of the paper must be enclosed, and where written matter is sent it must be accompanied by proof that it is authentic.

To the reader whose cutting is made use of a MODERN MAN Fountain Pen will be sent.

Our Subject "In the Stocks."

Fie, Mr. Outhwaite, M.P.! Surely you have heard that excellent old maxim, "Tell the truth, and same the Devil." Your father *must*, during your infancy, have recited it to you, punctuated with spans from the parental slipper! What a pity you allowed its teachings to escape you in later life. We are not political partisans, as we have made it clear before.

We believe in the good ancient principle of "Let the best man win." But we do insist on a fair fight. And we are very much afraid, Mr. Outhwaite, that your rather questionable efforts to assist the Liberal candidate for Midlothian were really instrumental in bringing about his defeat.

To quote the words of Lord Henry Scott in a letter sent to you and the Press on this subject, "Your three instances of alleged church robbery, namely, Barnwell, Beaulieu, and Queensberry estates, in Peebles and Edinburgh, are singularly unfortunate. The Duke of Buccleuch does not now own Barnwell. He never owned Beaulieu, and those Queensberry estates, about which you say 'Queensberry robbed the Church, and the stolen land is held by his descendant, the Duke of Buccleuch,' have never been owned by the Buccleuch family."

When you are assisting at an election, go hammer-and-tongs to win—but don't make a statement that you cannot prove. Because if you do it may not be true. And now, Mr. Outhwaite, perhaps you may go; but do try to be a good boy in future!

The Divorce Commission's Report.

When are we going to get it? It was definitely promised to us early in the New Year 1912. We are distinctly anxious to see the results arrived at by it. As the Divorce Laws stand at present, relief is only possible for men and women with means.

Betrayed husbands or wives of the wage-earning class, who have not the necessary minimum of £30 to spare, are compelled either to go on living with their faithless wives or husbands—or else to leave them, and lead a life of single loneliness without any hope of the freedom which would permit of their taking another and more suitable partner.

So come on, Divorce Commissioners, please! Publish your report—and let us see in it some promise that this obviously unjust state of things will soon be remedied.

An Undesirable Alien.

We should like to shake hands with the father of Miss Rita McGarry, of Shepherd's Bush. There could not be too many men like him in this country. The point is that Miss McGarry was passing along a street in Shepherd's Bush when a young Italian, Ricardo Bacha, who was standing with some other young men on the pavement, chucked her under the chin. She hurried home and told her father, who came out and chased Bacha, and gave him a good thrashing.

We cannot too heartily endorse the words of Mr. Fordham, the West London magistrate, in imposing a fine on the Italian: "You are a young blackguard . . . and I am glad to think you are not an Englishman. It is a monstrous thing that you should come over here and insult English girls."

But Mr. McGarry is the b'hoy for us. By the way, we should feel very sorry for any Mormon missionaries if they called, by chance, at Mr. McGarry's house!

Filthy Postcards.

Not by any means too soon, another case has been brought forward at Hastings of the sale of indecent picture-postcards. Four postcard dealers in that town were recently fined for exposing improper cards for sale. One man advanced the plea, through his solicitor, that the cards were not actually improper, but that the humour was rather coarse.

We know this kind of "coarseness," and we know a much more serious word for it. We are glad that steps are being taken to prohibit the retailing of such cards in shops; but we repeat that that is *not* the way to kill the root of the evil.

What should be done is to inflict heavy fines—and subsequently more drastic punishment—on the prime movers of the business, i.e., the wholesale publishers.

As one of the defendants in the Hastings case said (and with a certain amount of justification), if one shopkeeper created a demand for such cards, his rivals were forced to sell the same things, or go to the wall. Very well, let the authorities see to it that *none* can sell them, and by punishing the wholesalers crush the whole unworthy industry out of existence.

Sunday Rifle Practice.

Protests having been presented to the War Office against the use of the new Isle of Wight rifle range on Sundays, the protestors are, we hope, silenced by the judiciously reasoned, common-sense reply they have now received. The pith of the communication may be fairly presented in the following form:—

Should Sunday rifle practice by Territorials be encouraged, as a matter of choice? "No," says the Army Council. Should Sunday rifle practice by Territorials be allowed as a matter of necessity for the attainment of an efficiency which the shooters cannot acquire on any work day, because of the exigencies of their occupations? "Yes," says the Army Council; and *Modern Man* says "No" and "Yes" with the Council.

Here is a poser for the protestors. As it would not be wrong to shoot an invader on Sunday, how on earth is it wrong to learn on Sunday to do what it would not be wrong to do on Sunday?

Traffic in Babies.

We are glad to see that more vigorous action is now being taken by the police in the matter of the disgraceful industry exposed in last week's *Modern Man*, namely, the exploiting of children by professional beggars for the purpose of soliciting alms.

There was a conviction in a case of this kind at Marylebone last week, when Mr. Paul Taylor passed sentence of six weeks' hard labour on George Rixon, a man of 39, who played a barrel-organ, accompanied by two children—a boy and a girl, each aged ten.

The girl did not belong to him, but took money from passers-by, and handed it to him. She had obviously been hired by him from her real parents, as shown in our article. Another endorsement of our statements was that the map hailed from the Notting Dale district.

We recommend the authorities to keep an even more vigilant watch on this unsavoury neighbourhood. It will take a lot of cleansing; but we mean to see that this is done.

The recent conviction of a woman who had been collecting for a non-existent orphanage, has elicited the fairly authoritative, though unofficial, statement that quite a large number of women obtain a living by collecting for bogus charities. It has been suggested in consequence that *all* collecting boxes should be licensed as in the case of street collections. The marvel is that the suggestion was not made and acted upon long ago.

"Talking Through his Hat."

Sir James Donaldson, principal of St. Andrew's University, has been talking through his hat. In an address he delivered to the education section of the British Association in Dundee, he advocated the cause of phonetic spelling by maintaining that people should be allowed to spell as they liked, "just as Shakespeare did," because other nations have phonetic orthography.

Yes, but other nations have uniformity also, and there was none of that in the spelling of Shakespeare. Why, even his own name he never spelt twice alike. Let us have phonetics by all means if necessary, but let it be the phonetics of other nations, not of William S.

Much Ado About Nothing.

People who risk their necks for the sake of a little cheap notoriety are not among those esteemed by *Modern Man*. It appears, however, that Miss Whitehouse's recent ascent of the chimney at the Vigo brickworks, Northampton, was not such a neck-risking performance as was at first supposed.

She ascended by means of a rope attached to a regulation climbing belt, an expert steeplejack accompanied her, and she was assisted on to the scaffolding by several employes at the top, while others at the base held the life-line.

Nothing so very extraordinary in all that for the papers to make such a fuss about. Judging by what they said, one would have imagined that Miss Whitehouse was a heroine who matched Grace Darling, not to mention Joan of Arc! She turns out to be, however, only a more than ordinarily foolish young woman.

Clerics and Female Fashion.

The clerical crusade on the Continent against immodest female fashions is growing apace. The Patriarch of Venice is the latest to employ his influence and authority in opposition to the tight-skirt and the transparent blouse.

A day or two ago he actually stopped a Confirmation service, in which he was the administrant, because he detected the presence of a lady who wore a body-covering that seemed to be more apparent than real; and he declined to proceed until she had either withdrawn or concealed the transparency with a scarf.

In vain she pointed out that several of the paintings in the church represented scantily clad angels and martyrs. The Patriarch was adamant. Her reasoning did not convince him. She certainly was not a martyr, and his Eminence may well have had his doubts as to the validity of any claim of hers to be numbered among the angels. Besides, she was living flesh and blood, not a mural picture or a painted piece of canvas. Reluctantly bowing, therefore, to the Patriarchal fiat, she brought into requisition the scarf insisted upon.

And thus the fight goes on between Dame Fashion and Holy Mother Church. May heaven defend the right!

Some Sop for Jack.

Mr. Churchill's naval reforms are excellent so far as they go. The abolition of the absurd and nagging punishment known as "10.A" is entirely to be commended, as is also the extension of leave privileges.

Mr. Churchill, however, seems to have developed a habit of making two bites at a cherry. There will never be content in the Royal Navy until two further reforms are carried out. The first is to deprive the captain of a ship of his present summary power of disrating a petty officer.

A petty officer, whose rank corresponds with that of the higher-grade Army N.C.O., has not the rights of an Army Corporal as regards trial and punishment.

An Army corporal, or any N.C.O. of higher grade, can be reduced to the ranks or to a lower grade only (a) by sentence of court-martial, (b) by special order of the Commander-in-Chief, or as there is none now, of the Army Council.

The captain of a man-of-war can on his own authority disrate a petty officer either to a lower rating or to A.B., and thus make him suffer severe pecuniary loss in the way of pension rights and pay.

There is no reason to suppose that naval captains are tyrannical or unjust as a class, but it is placing too much power in the hands of one man. A petty officer should not be disrated save by sentence of court-martial or order of the Naval Commander-in-Chief.

Better Pay Wanted.

The next reform that must be carried is better pay for the lower deck, more especially the A.B. Nominally his pay, which ranges from £24 to £36 a year, does not compare unfavourably with that of the soldier.

Far more work, however, is demanded of him, and he has to spend far more on "extras" with which to supplement his insufficient and frequently indifferent rations.

Dangerous Roads.

Rates are altitudinous enough, heaven knows; but they must climb still higher if they are unequal to the call made upon them for efficient street repair.

Walworth Road, one of the most important thoroughfares in South London, is reported to be in a scandalous condition. At all events, a depression in it recently caused a motor-bus to give a jolt that precipitated an outside passenger under the wheels of a following van, with the result that he was killed.

So far as the stolen horse is concerned there's not much utility in locking the stable door after the animal has been appropriated; but even then the precaution will prevent the remaining ones from being commandeered. To apply the simile, the responsible authorities must put our public roads into a thorough state of repair before there's a repetition of the recent fatality. If they don't, there'll be some very bad quarters of hours for certain people, not a few.

Drawing Cheques.

Here is another proof of the immense superiority of present-day educational methods. In not a few instances an insight into matters commercial forms part of the curriculum, and this apparently involves the necessity, or at any rate the desirableness, of initiating twelve-year-old boys in the pleasant little art of drawing cheques.

Master Harry Victor White, of Eltham (Kent), became quite an adept. Yet, on leaving school, he did not go into the counting-house; he entered a lady's service in some domestic capacity. It would seem, therefore, that his commercial training had been so much wasted time.

Not so, however. Harry Victor got hold of his mistress's cheque-book, and turned his familiarity with such things to good account—that is to say, he forged a cheque for £4 10s., and cashed it at a local tradesman's.

The recognition of such precocity was as painful as it was deserved. The magistrate—for, of course, the budding genius soon found himself in the dock—ordered him six strokes with the birch. A few additional strokes, distributed impartially among certain other geniuses elsewhere, might have been as beneficial as, it is to be hoped, the six have been to Master Harry Victor White.

Early Closing Dispute.

There is a somewhat curious anomaly out Southall way. That interesting little township has two early-closing days, Wednesday and Saturday. If you are a tradesman there you can choose either, and if you own a couple of shops you may close one on Wednesday and the other on Saturday. Thus you can always have a shop going strong on early closing days.

This state of things, very naturally, has roused the indignation of the less fortunate tradesman who owns but one shop. Yet his indignation seems a little wanting in perspective. It isn't the fact of his rival owning two establishments that places him at a disadvantage. He would be in precisely the same position even if each had a different proprietor, provided they continued to close on different days.

What obviously is wanted is one uniform early closing day; and as the Home Secretary has been approached in the matter it is hoped something will be done.

Sentiment and Eugenics.

Sir James Crichton Browne is entitled to a deference and respect that have nothing to do with his whiskers. Those whiskers are reminiscent of the age of Dundreary, but the rest of him is a vital force of to-day. He is really great, in an age when great men are few.

On the subject of eugenics, he has uttered the truest and wisest words that have yet been spoken. In condemning the exercise of any extensive control over human mating while we know so little of the elusive laws which govern

the transmission of character and characteristics, he condemns a danger imported from America.

His remarks on the evil results, from the eugenist's point of view, of loveless marriages, "marriages of convenience," are an echo of the voice of nature. Of "love at first sight" of the right kind he declares: "It is a blessing to him who experiences it, and it is charged with deferred blessings for those who are to come after him."

Bad Testamentary Clauses.

The will of the late Mr. Lewis Hyman-Hyman must surely be unique in at least one respect. It provides that any child of his who dies unmarried shall be disinherited! How a defunct person can be affected by any testamentary provision whatsoever, adversely or otherwise, is not so clear to the ordinary mind as apparently it was to Mr. Hyman's. Another condition of his provides that none of his children shall marry out of the Jewish faith before they are twenty-one. Well, should they become enamoured of Gentiles it is quite conceivable that they could wait until they had attained that discretionary age before contracting matrimony.

At the same time, a proviso of that sort might easily influence a not over-scrupulous member of the uncircumcised in conforming outwardly and hypocritically to Judaism, if he objected to wait till the age limit had been reached.

All testamentary clauses that penalise change of religion, or anything of the kind, by disinheritance, either partial or complete, are morally bad, and ought legislatively to be made illegal.

Where is the bold M.P. who will introduce a Bill to that effect?

Deadly Dentistry.

A chemist has been treated to a dose of censure at the hands of a Coroner and his jury, the latter finding that a young woman had died from mortification of the gums following the extraction of a tooth by the chemist, the suggestion against whom was that he had failed in the efficient cleansing of his instruments after use. Medical evidence was given of the extreme caution that ought to be exercised in this respect.

What about the market-place and other tooth-pulling quacks who still swarm about the country, some of whom pass from jaw to jaw with the rapidity of a quick-change artist? They know nothing and care nothing about the antiseptic treatment of their forceps, which must be in an horrible condition.

Is the American Cute?

Our Yankee cousins have, somehow or other, gained a reputation for shrewdness, or as they themselves call it, "cuteness"; but it is nevertheless a fact that Yankees are continually falling victims to clever London crooks. The latest recruit to the inglorious army of jugglers is a Mr. Oliver Stirling, an American.

He met a man who gave the name of Jameson, with whom he went for an outing to Hammersmith. On their way thence to Earl's Court they saw a man drop a purse in the road. The Yankee picked it up and gave it back, and the owner, with tears of gratitude, explained that it contained jewels which he was going to take to the Pope.

He introduced himself as Mr. Murphy and joined the other two in their walk. Then followed the hoary old dodge. Murphy was, so he said, entrusted with £5,000 for distribution to charities, and invited the others to assist him. He then asked them for "proofs of substance," and the guileless Yankee cashed cheques for £60. "To test their confidence in him," Murphy walked off with Jameson's money, and, of course, came back. Then Murphy and Jameson set off on an experimental promenade with the unfortunate American's £60—and forgot to return. Mr. Stirling and the police are now looking for them; but we are willing to make a small bet against their chances. Anyhow, £60 is not much for Mr. Stirling to pay to learn what a gold-darned fool an Amurr'kan can be if he sets his mind on it.

Whist Drives: A Good Tip.

The pettifogging persecution of whist drives, on the allegation of their illegality, resulted in a foggy decision by the Lord Chief Justice. Organisers and patrons of these games will note with gratification that the Chairman of the Whist Drive Protection League sees his way through the fog.

"Under the decision in the recent case," he says, "a public whist drive can be made a perfectly legal affair. The only thing necessary is that each pair of partners must

remain together throughout the drive. Drives can under this arrangement be carried on without the slightest fear of interruption."

No Sign of Improvement.

The South London clergyman to whom *Modern Man* last week addressed a few plain-spoken words, is not improving. People who elect to get married at his church are apt to find themselves very awkwardly placed—no parson on the spot, and the time limit perilously close. Bishops are very forbearing as a rule, but there is a limit even to episcopal patience. *Verb. sap.*

Boisterous Beanfeasters.

All who are lucky enough to live in quiet rural places, and like to enjoy a peaceful Sunday's rest, will doubtless feel a certain satisfaction to hear that a "beanfeaster" who noisily played a concertina when passing through Slough on a brake on a recent Sunday evening was made to pay 7s. (the costs of the prosecution) and spoken to very seriously by the Bench.

We are the last to deny reasonable enjoyment to anybody taking a Sunday cuting, but to make riotous and disagreeable noises in quiet places, on that day of all others, is entirely reprehensible. To take one's enjoyment by robbing other people of theirs is nothing short of hoodliganism.

Headmaster's Widow's Hardship.

Every man or woman who possesses the smallest spark of humanity cannot fail to feel the deepest indignation at the reported action of the Herts County Council in the matter of one of their Education officials, now dead. The gentleman in question, Mr. W. R. Hambly, one of the headmasters under the Education Authority, died soon after the recent holidays began.

Although in a very weak state of health, Mr. Hambly performed his duties until the end of the term; and, on the commencement of the holidays went to a hospital in London, where, sad to say, he died after operations had been performed. It appears now that he had been paid money in advance for the period covered by the school holidays; and the Herts County Council is demanding this sum (about £17) back from his widow, on the ground that the poor lady is not entitled to it.

Mrs. Hambly's reply is that she is not in a position to refund it, as it was spent on the outlay for her late husband's illness, and the cost of his funeral. Moreover, the superannuation fund to which he belonged does not entitle his widow to any payment.

Modern Man sympathises sincerely with Mrs. Hambly, whose husband had a splendid record of service. Moreover, we think that the Herts County Council have shown a spirit of brutal Bumble-dom that is well-nigh criminal; and it is our earnest hope that they may not be successful in recovering the money.

Female "Postal Packet."

Really the methods of the Suffragettes are becoming more wildly insane every day! The latest example of this is the expedient resorted to by Miss Lila Clunas, a suffragist, who was refused admission to Mr. Winston Churchill's meeting at Dundee. Fastening to her dress a card addressed to Mr. Churchill at his residence, she entered a post-office and requested to be delivered by express messenger. The order was accepted. Miss Clunas paid the regulation fee of 3d., and was delivered at Mr. Churchill's house as a "postal packet" by a telegraph boy.

Whether the youth carried the "packet," or allowed it to trot along obediently by his side, is not reported; but at any rate the rather unusual "human document" was not accepted; and Miss Clunas had to retire baffled. We now suggest that she should promptly "post" herself at the nearest lunatic asylum, where she would have an excellent chance of admittance. She is fully qualified, at any rate.

Suicide of Jack Johnson's Wife.

Whether black should fight white is a much debated point; but nobody denies that on no account should black marry white. The latest proof of this eternal natural truth is a tragic one.

The white wife of Jack Johnson, the negro world's champion heavy-weight boxer, has shot herself dead. Johnson denies that there were marital troubles between himself and his wife; and this may—or may not—be true. We would rather not say what we think. But our old contention has once again been borne out that no white human being such mate with a black.

The head of the Meteorological Office calculates that British farmers stand to lose £20,000,000 through the unreasonable weather of this eccentric year. He recommends farmers to make more use of the official forecasts. We feel inclined to recommend the official forecasters to make more use of the farmers, who guess right about as often as they do.

Cottageless Cottagers.

The Chelmsford Guardians have passed an edict that no male inmate of the workhouse is to be allowed to leave the workhouse to search for a cottage in which to live.

This is not the arbitrary and unreasonable enactment that it seems, for in the whole neighbourhood of the capital of Essex there is not a vacant cottage to be found. This neighbourhood is essentially a rural neighbourhood—so "here we are again," bang up against the rural housing problem.

To a scandalously large extent, the state of things in the neighbourhood of Chelmsford is typical of the state of things in the countryside generally. It is too soon to repeat what we have said about this subject several times lately; but we shall keep hammering away at it till something is done, especially as we have shown that we have practical suggestions wherewith to back up our censure.

Consumption Treated as Infectious Disease.

The Corporation of St. Helens (Lancashire) have done well in exercising their new powers in the matter of the compulsory removal and detention of patients suffering from what is generally called consumption. The conditions which limit these new powers were present and operative in the case with which the Corporation have just dealt.

With their two children, the consumptive and his wife lived, with four other adults, in a house containing only two bedrooms and two living rooms. On the evidence of the Medical Officer that the man was in an infectious condition from pulmonary tuberculosis, that he was living in conditions conducive to the spread of infection, and that he had refused to enter a consumption hospital on advice, the magistrates issued the summary order asked for, for his enforced removal to one for a term of three months.

The case is the more noteworthy because this is the first time in England that a consumptive has been thus treated as a danger to the community. If one infectious disease, why not another? We commend the action of the St. Helens authorities as logical and laudable.

Insurance Act Hardship.

Without minimising its defects, we have deprecated much of the hot-headed opposition to the Insurance Act; a fact which should add weight to our representations on the subject of the cruelty of its working as regards casual labourers.

It is clearly shown that if these fail to get work on a Monday they stand a poor chance of getting it on any following day of the week, unless they stamp their cards themselves; to do which is quite against the spirit of the Act.

All casual labour is so heavily handicapped by bad weather, the daily fluctuations of certain trades, and many other accidental contingencies, that it can bear no added disability.

Suppose that on a wet Monday a poor fellow is obliged to knock off work after a single hour, and for all the rest of a wet week can get none at all. Was it ever contemplated that from his short earnings of the Monday—sixpence, eightpence, or make it tenpence or a shilling—he was to suffer the deduction of fourpence at one fell swoop?

"Merrie" and Miserable Islington.

The Medical Officer of Health was singing the praises of "merrie Islington" the other day as a health resort, and he sang very nicely indeed.

Now, in her annual report, the lady Sanitary Inspector gives us a peep of miserable Islington as a work resort. Its closeness and easiness and cheapness of access to the City and West End draw within its boundaries many out-workers of various classes. The wage tariff of these poor people, though not lower than that of similar workers in other districts of the metropolis, is a superfluous proof that there is indeed "something rotten in the state of" our industrial conditions.

But their little being their little all, when infectious diseases break out in the homes of such home-workers, the workers, lest they lose their work, will often deny that they have anything of the sort to report. Miss Young, the lady to whose official statements we are referring, sounds a loud note of alarm in the instances she adduces of all sorts of factory work being carried on in homes stricken with scarlet fever.

She tells us of consumptives manipulating materials "with hands moist with deadly perspiration, scattering freely the infinitesimally minute germs of disease," and sending them out in the articles they make.

We urge that all employers of out-workers should be compelled to notify the addresses of all such employees, so as to bring their home workshops within the area of official inspection. Exemptions are too numerous, and frequently unreasonable, including as they do trades involving the handling of tobacco and the leaves and bindings of books, conducted as domestic occupations. Such exemptions are a public menace to health and life.

After the Eastbourne Tragedy.

The burial of the bodies of the Eastbourne suicide and his murdered victims cost the Guardians £6. Their proposal to recoup themselves out of the £22 of the suicide's money found in one of the rooms of the grim tragedy is criticised and condemned, on the ground that the single survivor has no immediate means other than this money.

But her necessities are properly a matter for separate consideration. She has no right or claim of special appeal to the taxpayers of Eastbourne. Why should they pay £6 because their town was chosen by the criminal for the execution of his terrible deed?

Everybody in the Wrong.

An able seaman of H.M.S. "Hearty" has been ordered to be kept in detention for eight months for leaving his ship, disobeying a command, and striking a lieutenant.

Defending himself, the prisoner alleged that a private letter sent to him by his mother had been opened, and that his complaints of this were received by the lieutenant with a sarcastic smile that goaded him to desperation.

The able seaman was wrong—obviously, and on all three counts—and his punishment does not seem to us to be a harsh one. But the captain admitted that the able seaman's private letter was opened by his orders. We say that the captain did wrong, and we reject the plea he offered, in justification or excuse, that he thought the letter might have some bearing on further misconduct. Private letters are sacred, in the Navy or anywhere else. As for the smiling lieutenant, we all know the provocation that can be worked into a smile. In the case of this smiler, we bid him cultivate the smile amiable.

Compensation that Doesn't Compensate.

The miserable parsimony of the Home Office in the matter of the "compensation" it has awarded to one Frederick Moore, of Caversham, *Modern Man* is not going to pass over without protest.

As long ago as last November, Moore, a labourer, of excellent character, was charged with, and imprisoned for, poaching. After he had served a portion of his sentence, his innocence was positively proved, so he was first released and then "pardoned."

As an "act of grace," of which the grace is inconspicuous, he has now received £30 as "compensation"—a paltry sum which, he shows, does not cover the debts and liabilities incurred in the keeping up of his humble home during the enforced idleness of the breadwinner.

If the Home Secretary represents that it was within his discretion to give Moore nothing, that subterfuge is simply an evasion in the light of the fact that it was, and is now, within his discretion to give Moore more.

Sound-Headed Magistrate Symmons.

We have been rather "down" on London stipendiary magistrates lately. With all the greater gratification do we chronicle the wise, witty and kindly words of Mr. Symmons, at Greenwich, last week, on the (voluntary) appearance before him of a quarrelling married couple.

"The home," said he, "should be, not an absolute monarchy, but a constitutional monarchy, with the husband as king and the wife as queen."

Then to the man, as the latter was about to act on his advice to have a little talk with the woman outside the court: "Try to remember the way you used to talk to her when you won her. You had a winning way then, you know."

Disturbing a Monarch.

We do not wish to be hard on archaeologists, but the conduct of certain of them at Bardney Abbey does not entirely commend itself to us. It appears that a party of earnest scientists, including, be it well noted, several members of the clergy, have started an excavation of the tomb of Ethelred, King of Mercia.

The unfortunate monarch has been taking his last sleep at Bardney Abbey ever since the eighteenth century, and we certainly think that his bones might, in common decency, be left in peace.

No Patience with a Professor.

We have very little patience with Professor Halliburton, who recently declared that the feeding of criminals by forcible means would not be tolerated if statesmen knew what it was. May we ask Professor Halliburton what on earth else is to be done if a misdemeanant in prison refuses to take food?

Perhaps the learned gentleman will suggest that the poor dear convict should be set at liberty or else that the abandoned wretch should be allowed to starve to death. In neither case does the alternative commend itself to us—the latter because of its obvious encouragement of suicide by convicts, and the former because it equally obviously would allow every prisoner an easy way of leaving prison.

Finally, there is no ground whatever for any outcry against tube-feeding, which is practised in every lunatic asylum, private or State-controlled. The man or woman who cannot see that this outcry is being engineered by not-disinterested suffragists must be blind indeed.

Just Cause for Complaint.

Modern Man hastens to give the full weight of its support to a strong public feeling of dissatisfaction against the action of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, with regard to one of the most interesting of England's historic monuments, to wit, Walmer Castle.

The Castle and grounds are now closed to the public; and will remain so as long as the Lord Warden is in residence. Now, here are the facts. Some years ago, King Edward visited the castle and decided that it should not be the Lord Warden's official or private residence, but that it should in future be open to the public for six out of every seven days throughout the year.

We are disgusted to see that His late Majesty's wishes in this respect have since been totally disregarded, that the Lord Warden is now in possession, and that admission is refused to all expect his friends. Let us hope that this matter will be brought to the notice of King George, who will not, we are confident, allow the desires of his august father to be set at naught in this way.

Is Mr. Hammerstein a "Sport"?

We don't think. He started a plucky enterprise—one of a notoriously risky kind—and it failed. Englishmen admired him at the start, and were sorry for him at the end; and would respect him through everything if he would only take his disappointments in the reserved and dignified spirit of a true "sport."

The petulant style in which he announces that he has done with us for ever does him neither credit nor justice. While we regret we don't suit, we shall be glad to see him any time he cares to pop in; but if the worst comes to the worst we can get on without him.

CRY OF THE CHORUS GIRL.

SUGGESTING A MEANS OF IMPROVING HER CONDITIONS.

Quite recently before the Trades Union Congress, held at Newport (Mon.), the case of the "sweated" chorus girl was raised; and the remarks on the subject by Mr. J. B. Williams (Musicians' Union), especially, have aroused considerable public interest.

We deem it advisable, therefore, to deal with the subject in *Modern Man*, but we intend treating it, not as most of our contemporaries have done, as a vehicle for "sensationalism," but in the form of an unbiassed statement of fact, and common-sense suggestions for the betterment of an undoubtedly overworked and underpaid section of the theatrical profession.

Little Short of Scandalous.

We view with more than a little disgust the statements made by certain well-known theatrical managers to the effect that chorus girls are not underpaid. They *are* underpaid; and the managers in question know it. On tour, the girls' rate of pay is often little short of scandalous; and in the West End even a girl who can sing and dance quite well will consider herself lucky if she receives 25s. or 30s. per week. A few may get as much as £2 weekly; and these are in a practically insignificant minority.

It must be remembered, too, that this salary does not obtain throughout the year. A girl will very often be "resting" (the stage euphemism for out-of-work), for perhaps three or four months out of every twelve. This means that out of her weekly 25s. or 30s. while she is playing she will have to save enough to take her over the lean days of unemployment. And in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred she cannot save anything at all.

Thus, when she is resting she is faced with two alternatives, between which she chooses according to her own strength of character. One is loose living; and the other to obtain some different kind of employment for the time being.

An Indisputable Point.

There are many girls—all honour to them—who struggle along by giving music or singing lessons, or who obtain employment in milliners' and dressmakers' showrooms; others who sit for photographers for advertising or other purposes; but it is a regrettable truth that the great majority of chorus girls are of the silly type who look upon such work as "dull," or (forsooth!) beneath their precious "dignity." So they choose the other way—the easier, but the contemptible and eventually the ruinous one. That is the whole thing in a nutshell.

It is indisputable, at the same time, that not a few theatrical managers actually encourage immorality on the part of their chorus girls. Not, of course, inside the theatre, for their own sakes, but out of it, by all means. Here is a true story in illustration of this.

A well-known—perhaps I ought to say notorious—manager advertised for chorus ladies and ladies to play small parts in a forthcoming musical production. A really talented girl—the daughter of an Army officer and the sister of a Cambridge graduate—applied among others, and learned that the enterprise was a musical comedy tour through the big towns of Austria. She could have a small part, said the manager after hearing her sing, and the salary—would be fifteen shillings a week.

"But, my dear sir," said the astonished girl, "however am I to tour in Austria on *that*?" The genial manager smiled indulgently.

"Why, you little silly," he said, "the big Austrian towns, such as Vienna and Budapest, are just the places where an English girl with any sense can pick up quids and quids!"

Need for Legislation.

Needless to say, the lady in question did *not* accept that engagement; but the manager heard a few home truths about himself before she left his office.

The only feasible remedy for the sweating of chorus-girls would be State legislation, enforcing a minimum of, say, 30s. per week and payment for rehearsals. This, too, would put an end to the engagement of premium-paying amateurs, and the consequent ousting of trained professionals.



The Mormon at Home.

THE REGULATION OF VICE.

"MODERN MAN" AND THE CRIMINAL LAW AMENDMENT BILL.

When the bull is in the china shop, the instant and exigent concern of the proprietor—unless he be madder than the bull—is to protect his crockery as far as he can protect it. The aptness of the metaphor is limited, but it will carry us far enough.

Our First Consideration.

The bull is in our china shop. The instinctive move to grapple with the beast is impeded by those who block the way, forbidding us with the horrified warning: "Hands off! Don't you see that if you attempt to control this bull in the china shop you recognise at once that the bull is in the china shop? Let us pretend that it isn't."

Now isn't that very much the attitude of the good people who decry the State regulation of vice?

Of course, regulation is recognition. The mischief, as well as the foolishness, is in shutting our eyes and pretending we ought not to see. The point we would press home is that the regulation we would enforce is restrictive regulation.

In urging the necessity and asserting the justifiability of such legislation as would penalise uncontrolled immorality and solicitation, our first consideration is for the protection of the present and future generations from pollution, but in company with this consideration are such thoughts as these: The segregation of the unfortunate administrants to man's deplorable vice means the segregation of their opportunities. It interposes an element of deliberation in man's approach to them—and if man would only deliberate his better self would sometimes assert itself, and give him the grit to conquer his baser inclinations.

Suddenness of Temptation.

As things are, many a man falls because of the suddenness of the temptation that confronts him. Free traders in vice are responsible for the terrible fact that no one can in any place now escape from temptation, and even opportunity, overt or covert. Cathedrals and churches, theatres, exhibitions, our parks, our streets, our piers, our promenades—all are resorts.

Alike to age and to youth, that is offered them where they are which they would never think of going to seek. Heads of schools could tell many a sad story of young lives demoralised, and immature constitutions impaired or ruined. Is it well, is it right, is it not to be execrated, that the ugliest of our social evils should be so publicly exposed as that young girls have to know, and younger girls are provoked to inquire, what it is and what it means?

Unfamiliarity in the sense that this question implies is an entirely different thing from the ignorance we deplore and deprecate, and shall presently specifically refer to.

Segregation almost connotes medical examination. The protection this affords is admittedly not an absolute protection, but it is a measured one. We say again that the obligation to insure this protection is an obligation laid by duty on our humanity, for the sake of unborn innocence. The duty is unpleasant, repellent, repugnant, even in anticipation and in discussion? Granted. But what concern has duty with our likes and dislikes, our feelings, our inclinations, our desires to do or to abstain from doing? None. Duty rides rough-shod over them all.

All Left to Private Effort.

We offer a reflection that we believe to be a new one. We suggest that the State regulation of certain houses would prevent the unwilling entrance into them, and into a life of vice, of girls and young women entrapped by the vile White Slave traffickers. These victims would at least be compelled to be sensible of what they were doing. On the other hand, it would facilitate, or could and should be made to facilitate, the escape of inmates, so willing and so wishful, from their evil course. At present the State does nothing to assist the fallen who would rise.

All is left to private effort. The door of escape is a narrow door, for it is notorious that fallen women lose the hope, and with the hope the will, to cut themselves adrift from their way of life and their terrible means of livelihood—but however narrow the door, at all events let it be an open door, even though the policeman has to see to it that it is never shut. We mean, of course, "the policeman" as the type of recognising, regulating State authority.

The whole hypocritical pretence of non-recognition would be a farce if it were not a tragedy. The thing is "recognised" by the State, and is regulated by the State—in the sense that it is ir-regulated. What we believe in is a more candid recognition, and regulation in the spirit of candid recognition.

This is not the place nor is now the time for the formulation of details; but the task has been tackled before, and may before long have to be tackled again, if the idea is once grasped that regulation means, not encouragement, but discouragement. We would have it clearly understood that that, and that only, is the kind of State regulation we advocate.

Dangers of Ignorance.

As regards the punishment provisos of the new Criminal Law Amendment Bill now before the House and the country, we hold that if they err at all they err in being insufficiently severe. Our own ideas as to what is fitting punishment in certain cases were indicated with characteristic directness in our references to the Bill last week. The purpose of the present article is to emphasise and elaborate some of the points we raised in our previous articles on the Bill. With the exception of the clause that would give the police the power of summary arrest on suspicion, let that Bill pass; and then let the whole subject—not bits of it—be grappled with in a different, because more thorough-going, spirit.

Apart from other aspects of that subject, we have in mind a Bill the entire scope and provisions of which could be fully expressed in a very few clauses—albeit a Bill which we are firmly convinced would have far wider-reaching results for good than any measure of a more merely corrective but less preventive character.

We will give a plain answer to a blunt question. There is one army that never lacks recruits—the army of unfortunates. As fast as premature age and premature death thin the ranks, those ranks are never depleted. What is it that makes more unfortunates than any other thing makes? That the full significance of our reply may be appreciated, let it be borne in mind that it is the first step that counts most, that covers the longest distance. We say that the most prolific cause of ultimate immorality is the ignorance in which we wantonly and wickedly keep our girlhood.

For once and for ever—in practice, not in talk and theory—let the cruel, detestable idea that ignorance is innocence be knocked on the head. Knowledge and innocence are sisters of virtue.

Parental Responsibility.

Off with the blinkers! Up with the warning notice-board, and write large upon it, "Danger!"—and be that danger fully and explicitly explained. Some there will still be who will fall into the abyss, but if they fall with their eyes open justice will have no accusing finger to point at those who cleared their wilful vision.

As it is, we watch thousands go over sightless—and then, in our smug self-righteousness, we throw stones at them as they lie below, wounded and broken.

The guilt of this sin of concealment lies mainly at the door of mothers and fathers. Nature tells us that the former should instruct and inform their daughters, the latter their sons. On parents is the primary responsibility, because theirs is primarily the duty. But since, generally speaking, they do not do their duty, and will not accept this responsibility, and as we cannot force them to do that which they ought to do, we must turn to the school teachers, whom we can compel.

In every public (Council) school, not of choice but of necessity, the curriculum should include a systematic course of lessons of enlightenment, for the suitably aged young of both sexes. Educate them in the functions of the whole of their anatomy, not in some parts of it only. Tell them everything, warn them of everything.

Authoritative Instruction.

Only the clear voice of authoritative instruction will ever silence the whispers of prurient curiosity. Open the door of knowledge.

In the matter of such a Bill as would make it binding thus to teach and thus to warn the scholars of the State, let the State act in the spirit of the man who locked the stable door before the horse was stolen.

FACTS AND FUN.

POTTED NEWS AND HUMOUR.

A clock which calls out the exact time every quarter of an hour "in a clear human voice," has been placed on the market in Berlin.

A three-legged pig has been offered for sale at East Horndon, Essex.

Miss Broadway: They say he married her because of her figure.

Mr. Madison: Well, that was quite natural.

Miss Broadway: Oh, no. Indeed, it wasn't.

While brooding over a dream that her husband had been killed, Mrs. Edward McCaffrey, of Philadelphia, received the news that he had been fatally shot by a friend, who pointed a revolver at him in fun.

Chicago women smokers are said to be smoking cigars instead of cigarettes. What won't a woman do?

"Is Mrs. De Smasher in?" asked the visitor, calling at the City home of the suffragette leader.

"Yiss, mum," said Bella. "She's in for six months, mum."

The daughter of a Hungarian cavalry officer, who recently boxed the ears of a general who attempted to kiss her, has been offered a music-hall engagement at £12 a week. The penalty of fame.

A sermon was being preached on the purity of heart, and the words came fast and eloquently, "Oh, Lord, give us pure hearts, give us clean hearts, give us sweet hearts," and every man in the congregation fervently responded "Amen."

Sandy Alexander, a negro, who has attained the great age of 111, and who was a servant at White House when Mr. Polk was president, has married Susie McGhee, a blushing bride of 60. Alexander recollects vividly the British troops arriving in Washington in 1812, and the burning down of White House and the Legislative buildings.

Little Mary was visiting her grandmother in Caerphilly. Walking in the garden, she chanced to see a peacock, a bird she had never seen before. After gazing in silent admiration, she ran quickly into the house, and cried out:

"Oh, granny, come and see! One of your chickens is in bloom."

Jno. Heden, a Kansas farmer, has made all his horse wear trousers this summer. "People can laugh if they want to," says Heden, "but I'm going to keep my horses in pants the year round, because the animals like it and do better work. It may look funny, but it keeps the flies from pestering them."

The trousers in question are made of coarse cotton, and cut to fit the legs of the animal, with supporting braces of the same material running across the withers and back.

Our paragraph about Mr. Nat Goodwin has brought us an anecdote of the famous comedian from a correspondent who assures us that it is both new and true.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the comedian's matrimonial career has been almost as varied and interesting as his stage ditto. The story goes that at the appointed season Mr. Goodwin was presented with a census-paper, in which one of the questions was "Are you single, married, divorced, or a widower?" After much consideration Nat picked up his pen and wrote: "Yes." That was all.

In 1914 photography will be just 100 years old. In the year 1814 one Niepce, of France, discovered a method whereby permanent pictures could be produced on metal plates by means of the camera obscura. Twenty-five years later the "Daguerrotype" was invented by Daguerre.

In 1841 Henry Talbot patented his process of obtaining photographs in the camera by the agency of light on paper coated with chloride and nitrate of silver, and he also had a process by means of which he "fixed" them.

Collodion dry plates were introduced by a Dr. Norris, and in 1871 another doctor, Maddox by name, discovered the gelatine dry plate process, which was the real commencement of present-day photography.

This was brought to a state of perfection seven years later and has been generally used since 1880.

NERVE AND THE DOCTOR.

SOME REMARKABLE SURGICAL FEATS.

One winter night a couple of years ago a passenger alighting from a train at Earlestown, near Warrington, slipped and fell. The train had not quite ceased moving, and the unfortunate man was caught between the train and the platform in such a way that it was impossible to extricate him.

Operation in Moving Train.

A surgeon was called in a hurry, and at once decided that the only possible way of saving the man's life was to amputate the leg on the spot. Lanterns were fetched and instruments, and the operation was carried out without delay. It was impossible to give an anaesthetic, the light was so bad that matches had to be struck to assist the surgeon.

In spite of all this and of the fearfully cramped position in which the surgeon had to work, he performed the operation in record time, and the man was safely removed to hospital.

This is just an instance of the sort of nerve-trying task a doctor may be called upon to perform at any minute.

A similar case occurred a few months ago in America. An old man named James Coward was caught by a goods train as he was hurrying across the Long Island Railway, and both legs were terribly crushed.

A passenger train was in the station, and by good luck a surgeon was among the passengers, and had a case of instruments with him. He at once asked that the train might start for the town of Jamaica, where there was a hospital. As it moved out, he improvised an operating table, and there and then took both the man's legs off. At Jamaica, he told the hospital doctor what he had done, refused his name, and hastened away.

Bold Feats at Sea.

Difficult as it must be to operate in a moving train, such a task is light compared with that of performing similar work in a small ship in a heavy sea. While the small cruiser "Sappho" was making a passage from St. Helena to Monte Video, a young stoker was taken ill with appendicitis. The weather was so bad that the ship was rolling heavily.

But the only chance of saving the man's life was an operation. The "Sappho's" two consorts formed up to make a lee, their doctors were slung aboard out of their boats, and the operation was performed.

The movement of the ship was so heavy that it took three hours to complete, yet its success may be judged by the fact that the patient was nearly well by the time the vessel reached England, a month later.

Another bold feat of surgery was performed on a West Indian mail boat, by Dr. H. W. Bayly. A corporal of the Worcester Regiment went down with gastric ulcer. The operation for this complaint is one of the most dangerous in surgery, but as it was the only hope of saving the man's life, Dr. Bayly determined to operate. The weather, in this case also, was bad, and the vessel rolling heavily. But with the help of two other doctors who were aboard, it was successfully performed.

At Work in Burning House.

Operating surgeons have often worked under fire on the battle field, but there is perhaps only one case on record of an operation being performed under the other sort of fire. At the hospital at Bideford, Maine, a very difficult internal operation was in progress when a white-faced attendant rushed in to say the building was afire.

To have moved the patient meant death, and in spite of the crackle and roar of the flames, the surgeons stuck to their work. Presently water from the fire hose began to drip through the roof of the operating theatre. The nurses held up umbrellas, and the work went on. At last, after the ordeal had lasted more than half an hour, the surgeons sewed up the wound and got the patient out safely. Ten minutes later the roof fell in.

Operated Upon Himself.

For cold pluck, a French naval surgeon named Regnault holds the absolute record. In July last he operated upon himself for hernia. He was propped up with pillows on the operating table at the St. Mambrier Hospital, and after receiving an injection of cocaine, made the necessary incision himself, and completed the work in an hour and a quarter. Two other surgeons were present, but their services were not required, and the amazing Regnault was on his feet again within ten days.

THE CAREER OF DUNLOP KANE:

No. IX.—AT 13, WINSLOW GARDENS.

By
ADAM STERN.
Author of the successful
Selby Series which appeared
in "Modern Man."

There are advertisements which arrest the eye, which act like passports to the land of speculation.

Such a one was the following, in the London "Morning Herald" of that day:—

Educated man of great physical strength required for position of responsibility and trust. Tact and steady nerves essential. Remuneration generous to suitable applicant. Apply in first instance to Box 324, "Morning Herald," Fleet Street.

Dunlop Kane, seated in his snug room, with a heavy bull-dog pipe lit, and his beloved Shakespeare within easy reach, read the advertisement twice, and then laid down the paper. He wheeled his chair round to the table and drew up pen and paper and wrote rapidly for a few minutes.

Somewhat to his surprise, however, two days later his letter elicited a reply. Mr. Richmond Barclay requested him to call at 13, Winslow Gardens, Kennington, S.E., at two-thirty sharp; and would he bring copies of his testimonials?

Dunlop Kane had no such testimonials. He had not adopted the profession of work long enough.

Nevertheless he went.

Winslow Gardens was a desolate thoroughfare, with semi-detached houses standing back from rusted iron palings. It was oddly empty of children—as some of the South London streets are! Number 13 had no particular features. The steps leading up to the front door were badly in need of a wash; dark curtains draped the windows.

He rat-tatted with the knocker. An interval went by. Then, without any sound to preface it, the door was partially opened, and an ugly little old man appeared with features like a pug dog. "Yes?" he queried suspiciously.

"I'm here by appointment," said Kane. He gave his name. "I want to see Mr. Richmond Barclay."

"Oh, come in," said the other querulously, "I'm Mr. Richmond Barclay." He shut the door and looked Kane up and down. "You're single, I suppose?" he queried.

"Oh, yes."

"No encumbrances at all?"

"None," said Kane.

"H'm! I'm afraid you're too much of a gentleman for the purpose I want you. But come upstairs."

Kane followed the shabby little figure to a sitting-room on the first landing, which smelt of stale air and was meagrely furnished. The old man fumbled through some letters on the table. He was unnecessarily long over it, and Kane received the impression that he was doubtful how to begin.

"I don't think you'll do," grumbled Barclay at last. "What have you done before?"

"Lots of things," said Kane.

"Perhaps you're not particular what you do?"

"Oh, I am," said Kane. "Aren't you?"

The ugly protruding eyes were turned on his with a dull expressionless stare. "It's a medical case," went on the old man, paying no heed to the remark. "There's a young gentleman in my charge who suffers from delusions. You would be required to look after him and practically do everything for him. He has his rational moments, and then, being educated, he is glad of an educated companion. But I'll let you know."

"Why was such stress laid on the possession of strength and nerves?"

"He is violent sometimes."

"And tact?"

"Tact," said the old man slowly, "is a *sine qua non* in dealing with the mentally deficient."

"I see," said Kane. "And where is the young gentleman now?"

"You ask too many questions. If it should be decided to appoint you, the necessary information will be given to you at the proper time."

"So that ends the interview?" said Kane pleasantly. He looked about him leisurely. He saw that the windows were screwed down. "Well, good afternoon," he said. "I can let myself out."

"I'll come," mumbled the other. He preceded his visitor through the doorway. Half-way down the stairs he stopped and looked back. Kane was tying up a bootlace.

"Are you coming?" demanded the old man threateningly. "Half a sec.," said Kane. To his tautened listening ears came still that human cry—curiously near it sounded, yet infinitely small and remote—"Let me out!" it beseeched; "let me out! let me out!"

He stood erect and hurriedly descended the stairs. From his six-feet-two he gazed down paternally on the bald bumpy head of his companion and he smiled to himself. "Good afternoon," he repeated. He heard the door bolted behind him.

"Now, it may be none of my business," thought Kane, "and it may be I'm mistaken, but if that little toad isn't a thoroughly bad lot, my grandmother wrote the Decameron!" He first of all went and washed.

That night, after wiring to Mr. Richmond Barclay that he would like an early decision, as another job was tinted roseate, Dunlop Kane paraded Winslow Gardens, a cap pulled over his eyes, his hands thrust idly in his pockets. He merely wanted to ascertain whether Mr. R. B. was at home.

The telegraph boy knocked in vain; and ten minutes afterwards Dunlop Kane mounted the steps and gently applied his shoulder and knee to the door. Concentrating his magnificent strength, he steadily and systematically pushed. The door began to yield.

"Now if Richmond is within," thought Kane, "there'll be the devil to pay for this. But I fancy he isn't. And in any case I must make further investigation into the origin of that unhappy sound!"

The jamb split. There was the sound of something falling. Dunlop Kane stepped inside.

The hall was dark. He waited, listening. Then he pushed to the door and went upstairs with the stealthy quiet which darkness induces. The house was silent.

He struck a match on the landing and tried in turn each of the three doors. One door was locked. He rapped it softly, and spoke without raising his voice. "Is anybody in?" A thud was the answer, then a succession of thuds, and a smothered shouting. "Evidently yes," murmured Kane.

He tested the door, but it was stout and immovable. Going into the sitting-room he struck another match and selected a heavy iron poker. With the point of it beneath the door he prised and pushed.

The door broke suddenly, and he pitched on his hands and toes. Simultaneously a heavy body struck him like a thunderbolt. He rolled sideways, recovered, and was overborne again, something hissing above him, and wild fingers tearing at his throat.

"Steady on," muttered Kane, as he slowly asserted his mastery. "Don't be so volcanic, friend."

The other was the sort of man who mixed eloquence with personal violence. But he was suddenly still as Kane continued to talk to him. "Say," he whispered, "you sound like a friend!"

"I am," said Kane.

"Oh, God above! The Lord be praised! I'm Clem Claverson, a wealthy American. I've been shipped over here with a tale that my brain's gone cranky. It's as sane as Roosevelt's! There's a rascally half-brother of mine has worked this little stunt, and now I suppose he's walked into my inheritance. But, by God, I'll square with him!"

"Talk afterwards," said Kane. "Let's get out of this."

"Give me your hand, boy—I'm no good for a bit." They went downstairs slowly, the American stumbling. "Lord!" he whispered, "when I see Barclay."

"Who is he?" asked Kane, as they progressed towards the door.

"A hireling! a rat! Geewhizz! Old man, look out for your eye!" A revolver spat out of the darkness. It barked again, and the street door swung wide. A cool breeze blew in. "After him!" yelled Kane, whose blood was raging.

"Go easy," said the American; he was more used to shooting. "He won't be caught now. I'll see to him later. Meanwhile, a Cocktail, old man. And, oh! Lord, a Smoke!"

IN APARTMENTS.

DEMORALISING EFFECTS UPON MARRIED COUPLES.

Marry and live in one room! That is common enough among town dwellers, where high rents and rates preclude even the man getting good wages from providing a house for his bride.

In some villages exceptionally long courtships are the rule, because, more decent than townspeople, they have to put off marriage because there is no cottage to be had until some one thoughtfully quits the country, either for the colonies, or for the "land which is very far off," and where there is no need to make marriage settlements.

No Scope for Energies.

but in the big cities the confetti strewn path leads generally to the combined room, and a life that has demoralising effects. Leaving the question of hygiene out of count for the present, the lot of the young wife compelled to spend her days in the narrow confines of what represents home is a deplorable one.

It makes for idleness. In the first place there is no scope for her energies.

To sweep, to dust, to wash up, etc., one room, be it large or small, can only take up a very brief portion of the day.

The husband is usually out the greater part of the time: some return to meals, others do not. The wife of the man who goes out, say, at five or six o'clock, and does not return until the evening, has a most dull existence, and for the first year at least of her married life, a thoroughly useless and lazy one. She stops in bed, and if she does not sleep she reads the trashy literature that abounds, or she gossips on the stairs and varies the monotony by flirting with the numerous tallymen and canvassers who come to the street door.

Need for Some Organisation.

Then just before the hour when her husband returns she tidies up the apartment and herself. There ought to be some organisation for providing some sort of occupation for the young wives of the working classes who have to live in apartments during the period before the children arrive to give her more work and trouble than she bargained for when she married a man who could not provide her with a home of her own such as her grandmother would have expected—nay, insisted upon.

Sometimes she is too lazy to even trouble about the state of the apartment, and the unfortunate husband on returning at night has to set to and clean and get his own supper to the everlasting whine and complaint of his so-called helpmate.

There are numerous quarrels between the female amazons of these apartment houses, often ending in an enforced exodus inaugurated by an enraged landlady.

And this state of affairs is not confined to poor quarters or to the slums, for these rooms are often rented at a figure which would obtain a small cottage in the suburbs, if only these couples had been content to wait until they had money to buy furniture and start married life decently and in order.

Near Expensive Shops.

When the children come a fresh order of disorder prevails. There is little accommodation for the parents—there is none for the growing family.

Yet it is no uncommon thing for a family of four and five to live altogether in one furnished room, and that within reach of fashionable squares and expensive shops.

Without privacy or any chance to exercise that reticence without which human existence is less, infinitely less, moral than that of the brute.

Married life in furnished apartments is one of the things that civilisation and the study of eugenics should make well-nigh impossible.

IT LOOKED LIKE IT.

The football season had just opened, and a well-known exponent of both pastimes was playing his first game at football. Play had not been in progress very long before he had occasion to appeal for a foul. Hearing this, a spectator remarked:

"Well, that's funny. Only last week, in a cricket match, that very same gent. got a 'duck,' and now he's shouting for a 'foul.' He must be very fond of poultry!"

AERIAL TRAGEDIES.

WILL THE AIR EVER BE CONQUERED?

When the modern methods of aviation first came before the public notice they were pooh-poohed. The idea of man ever being able to fly was considered absurd in the extreme. Later on, however, when a few startling feats had been accomplished, the public changed its opinion on the subject.

"Oh, yes," it was agreed, "there is no doubt that airships and 'planes will predominate in the future," and straightway it was thought advisable to apply their use to matters concerning warfare.

At the Mercy of the Elements.

This latest form of enthusiasm opened up the way for a new profession. The sons of the wealthy invested their paternal allowances, and commenced to take lessons in the new art. Enterprising people saw a chance of making a fortune by the development of the flying industry.

But what has become of it all? Hundreds, including the pioneers, have lost their lives; some have made money and won fame; but the problem is still unsolved. How shall we counteract the effect of sudden storms and atmospheric disturbances? The airman may be able to choose a fitting opportunity for ascent and even for descent, as far as that goes. But he can never tell what may happen once he has left Mother Earth far below him. His craft is then but as a cigarette paper in the clutch of those powerful currents of air. An extra sharp gust may slit his canvas all to ribbons, or even capsize the entire machine; and to avoid this he can do nothing.

Then again, an accident in the air nearly always means certain death. In addition we have the other side of the question to consider, namely, that if airships and 'planes become quite universal and travel much over thickly populated areas, the lives of the dwellers below them will always be more or less endangered.

Parachutes for Passengers.

If the passengers were all provided with a parachute arrangement, it might help to overcome the difficulty to a certain extent. But on the other hand, parachutes very often refuse to act when put to the test at a moment's notice, and are not exactly infallible at the best of times, and even if they were, it would still require an exceedingly strong nerve and tenacious grip, for one to remain hanging while the parachute slowly descended to the ground from a height of hundreds of feet.

What then must be done before we can justify the claims of aviation? We must perfect means of obviating the fatal results of accidents whenever they occur! We cannot possibly avoid the accidents themselves, for no matter how mighty and ingenious are the machines we build (the "Titanic" for instance) they never can, or will, defy the full force of the elements.

"Wars in the Air."

Whether this perfecting business is ever carried out or not remains to be seen. There is no reason why it should not be. But at any rate, before men talk of "wars in the air," they need to devote more time and energy to the task of coping with Nature's forces, not overcoming them. That is impracticable.

The fact that four Army officers have been killed during the last fortnight is an appalling record. England wants such men as the four poor fellows who have been killed, and the War Office should see to it that lives are not thrown away. Aviators cannot fly in all kinds of weather without courting disaster.

FOUND TO BE CORRECT.

An applicant for a ticket-collector's post, who is a keen football player, was being questioned by the representative of his prospective employers on his capabilities for the position.

"For instance, if on the arrival of a train you went to collect the tickets and found that a passenger had lost his return 'half,' what would you do?"

"Well, as I couldn't take his 'pass' I would charge the 'half-back,' that would be right, wouldn't it, sir?"

The representative, also a footballer, smilingly said "Yes," and the smart young man got the post.

BETWEEN THE POSTS.

FOOTBALL NOTES AND FORECASTS.

Now that the teams are beginning to settle down, we can form some opinion as to what they are likely to accomplish during the next few months.

In the First Division, Blackburn, the champions, are a good, evenly balanced side, particularly strong in the rear-guard, and they will take a lot of shifting from the position they now occupy.

The Villa Forward Line.

In the event of a different combination heading the League, I should not be a bit surprised should it be Aston Villa. I saw the Birmingham brigade defeat Bradford City recently, and they gave a magnificent exhibition of the game. I have only as yet seen a few of the First Division teams fighting for points, so cannot say how good they are, but one thing I am certain of is that I shall not see a finer forward line anywhere in the Kingdom than that of the Villa combination.

Bradford play brilliantly at times, but do not seem able to maintain any pressure. Their stamina, or rather lack of it, will likely let them down a time or two yet, but before the season is far advanced they will improve in that direction.

Arsenal Needs Strengthening.

Both Newcastle, Sunderland, and also the Manchester teams are good all round, and no fault can be found with Derby County, who are determined to make their position secure. The Arsenal appear to be in a very bad way, and their forward line will have to be strengthened considerably if they are to make any headway. The "Spurs" have not yet mastered the knack of grasping every opportunity, but they can last right through the game at a hot pace, and this is where they have an advantage over some of their rivals.

They have not done anything of note yet, but we may expect them to be shining soon. Chelsea combine well, and have a most reliable pair of backs, and it should not be long before we see the "Pensioners" running up a nice score.

Persistent Bury.

Preston North End have not opened their campaign in the Second Division as well as I expected they would, and their forwards will have to put in some better work than they have done so far, if they are to get back amongst the seniors.

On the other hand, Bury have done better than I anticipated. They are most persistent in attack, and safe enough at back, but the middle line do not seem to have properly settled down yet.

Fulham have a fairly good side, and are particularly fortunate in having such a player as Sharp, the Scottish International, at back. He is a great player, and, with his partner, constitutes as safe a rearguard as there is in the League.

The Orient are also fortunate in having a sound defence: in fact, altogether they are a very capable side, and they will win a lot more matches than many of their rivals.

Lack of Combination.

Notts Forest are not a great side. They have a couple of good individual players, but as a whole they do not combine well, and it is not likely that when we come to reckon up points, they will have enough to their credit to carry them to higher spheres.

Appended are a few forecasts of results for Saturday.

HOME TEAMS.

NEWCASTLE UNITED.
SHEFFIELD UNITED.
BARNSELEY.
BURNLEY.
WOLVERHAMPTON WANDERERS.
SWINDON.
WEST HAM UNITED.

AWAY TEAMS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.
PLYMOUTH ARGYLE.

POSSIBLE DRAWS.

Manchester United and Everton,
Oldham and Sunderland.
Hull City and Clapton Orient.

MY NOTE BOOK.

BIG RUSH FOR SHAVING SETS.

I was patting myself on the back last week. This week I can do it with increased vigour, and it looks extremely likely that much sooner than I ever dreamed of I shall be able to invite my staff to join me in celebrating the realisation of my ambition, and to "toast" those thousands of readers who determined to help me, and incidentally, as I have said elsewhere, help themselves to a complete shaving set free of cost.

Orders are simply pouring in from all parts of the country, and with them letters from those already in possession of razor, stropper and soap, expressing the greatest appreciation of my latest offer.

The manufacturers are having a very busy time, and so is my large staff engaged to attend to the packing and sending away of the shaving sets, fountain pens, badges, etc.; but I have instructed that if at all possible every order must be dealt with daily.

Space will not permit of my giving extracts from more than a few congratulatory messages from old and new readers.

"J.B. (Manchester) says: 'The shaving set is splendid. Will you supply me with a stop and some more blades. The *Modern Man* gets better every week. Poor old J.B. is not in it.'

"S.R." (Birmingham) writes: 'Truly, a splendid gift, and well worth the amount you mention. I might say I am a new reader, and am only sorry I did not take it earlier. You have every reason to be proud of your paper. It is fine.'

"W.M." (Bristol) says: 'Simply delighted with the shaving set. You well deserve to realise your ambition.'

"J.L." (Fife) says: 'I send you 1s. 5d. so that you can send me the shaving set and five copies of *Modern Man*, as I cannot get so many copies here —' But this is just what I want you to do, "J.L." Make your newsagent supply you. It is the best way to get that round 500,000 quick.

"D.M." (South Wales) wants us to reach a million instead of 500,000. He says: 'You richly deserve it.'

SCOTTISH READER AND MORMONISM.

Writing from Airdrie, Scotland, "P.H." says: 'I feel that I must write you to let you know that your Anti-Mormon articles are being appreciated up north. A year or two ago the Mormons started a crusade in this town, but had to clear out pretty sharp, as things got much too hot for them.'

"Speaking of the cinematograph, an Anti-Mormon film was shown some time ago in a certain Glasgow picture-house. Threatening letters were received by the manager. The house was to be raided and various penalties exacted by "Latter-Day Saints" if the picture-film was not withdrawn. The film continued for its allotted period under the protection of a body of university students. The raid fizzled out and proved to be like other Mormon promises—stuff and nonsense. Good luck to you, sir, in your campaign against their evil ways.'

NO ROOM FOR THE DAWDLER.

A thing worth doing at all is worth doing well, and don't forget, the quicker the better. To-day more than ever the combined qualities of speed and efficiency are absolutely imperative. There is no room for the dawdler in business, or rather he stands little or no chance of becoming by individual efforts, say, a captain of industry or a noted professional man.

How often have you heard it said of someone you know, or do not know except by name, "Oh, he's real smart at his work." Many times, I'll wager; and it is a hundred to one chance if you haven't at the same time—*Modern Man* readers are not workshies—reflected something after this fashion: "Well, am I as smart as I ought to be?"

This is the action of the wise man or the wise girl, because nowadays lack of opportunities is a very feeble excuse for shortcomings in the particular line of business which you fancy for providing you with a living. On another page I have given, for the benefit of my readers, my impression of a visit which I paid a few days ago to the Holborn Hall College, together with some sterling facts gleaned in conversation with Mr. F. Harvey Hatchard, Principal of the up-to-date institution. If you haven't already done so, turn at once to page 1367, read and inwardly digest.

YOUR EDITOR



THE MODERN MAN.—No. 10: MR. CHARLES JOHN STEWART.

The right man in the right place—such a person undoubtedly is Mr. Charles John Stewart, the Public Trustee, whose official duties are guaranteed by the State, and capable of understanding all duties of executor and trustee, whether under will or settlement, and for all classes of the community, whether rich or poor.

At first there were those who looked askance upon the office of Public Trustee—(the Public Trustee Act came into force on January 1st, 1908)—and some even went so far as to say the man chosen by Government as head of the newly established Department of State, but time has swept away all petty scruples, and to-day Mr. Stewart is the acknowledged and able director of an efficient national institution.

The fourth son of Mr. John Vandeleur Stewart, of Rockingham, Co. Down, by Lady Helen Graham Toler, daughter of the late Earl of Norbury, Mr. Stewart's abilities were first shown as far back as 1894, when he was appointed Official Liquidator of the Companies Winding-up Department, and the confidence placed in him. For three years, from 1897, Mr. Stewart was Clerk to the London County Council, and for four years from 1900 he filled the office of Chairman of

He was installed in this position at a time when a very strong hand was needed, and, as far as circumstances would permit, his efforts were very successful.

It was the late Sir Howard Vincent who, in 1886, began to urge upon the House of Commons the merits of such an authority as the Public Trustee. The Act under which the appointment was made provides that although it is to be self supporting, the department is not to be profit-earning.

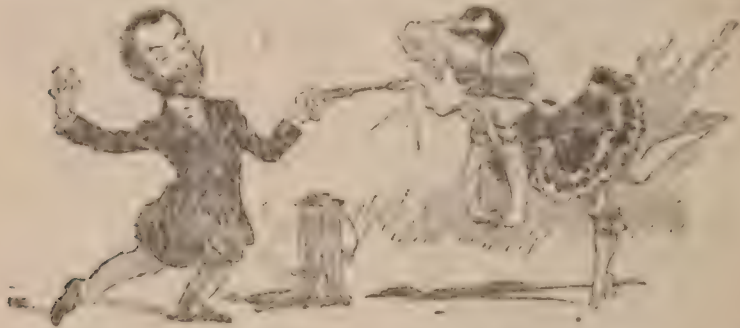
Lack of business method and sympathy and the red tape barrier were predicted, but Mr. Stewart's experience has ranged among all classes, from the letter asking him to act as an executor to a man who wished to secure his savings for his little daughter nine years old, adding, "I have no permanent address or occupation—I am a tramp," to the tragedy that is sometimes hidden behind great riches.

There can be few busier men in the Metropolis than Mr. Stewart, but the wear and tear of it all does not seem to affect his spirits. As he has admitted, from the great and varying interests in the matters he has to deal with, and having the advantage of a most zealous, enthusiastic and business-like staff, his experience of official trusteeship has been far from an unhappy one.

The Modern Woman's Mixture.

The Queen has been learning to play golf during her visit to Deeside. Her driving was strong, but Princess Mary laughingly described it "as occasionally wide."

It is understood that Mrs. Asquith is to be presented with the hatchet thrown at the Premier by a suffragette during his visit to Dublin. What a treasure!



French Cure for Stage Fright.

Champagne and Chorus Girls.

The latest about the recent Oriental Ball given by Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt at Newport, near New York, is that the ladies found themselves at one period of the night practically deserted by the men guests.

Search was made, and the gentlemen were discovered drinking champagne out of pitchers with the chorus girls of "The Merry Countess" company, which had been brought at enormous cost from New York to give a performance. At the time of the interruption, says *Reynolds*, a moonlight bathing party was being suggested.

A woman was seen to place her little girl on a seat at Eastbourne Railway Station and to go away for a ticket. She then disappeared, and the child was handed over to the police. It was learned later that the baby was accidentally left behind by the mother, who was leaving by train. As soon as she realised what had happened she took the first train back to Eastbourne, where her child was restored to her.

The Reason Why.

"The charge against the prisoner," explained the counsel, "is that of cruelty and neglect towards his wife. Although they have only been married a year, he has already begun to show a marked indifference towards her. Prisoner at the bar, answer my question. Is it or is not a fact that you have not spoken a word to your wife during the last six months?"

"It is a fact. You are quite correct," admitted the prisoner. "You admit it? Very well then. Perhaps you will explain why you did not speak to her during the last six months?"

"Certainly. It was because I didn't want to interrupt her when she was talking!"

Husband or Children First?

Which *should* it be do YOU think? Husband or children first? Surely every sensible woman in her heart will answer "Hubby first, all along the line."

With the advent of children, the home often loses much of its charm instead of doubling it. It becomes a veritable place of strife, a chaotic arena where the children fight and squabble in their endeavour to wrest supremacy from the parents—especially from the father!

Don't Idolise Your Children.

So many women make the fatal mistake of idolising their children. The error commences with King or Queen Baby. It is so easy to make little tin gods of your adorable children—to live every minute of your life for them. But what about "poor father"? Surely your husband should stand first to you in the world, should command your first attention and interest? But alas how often he develops into just "the man who brings the money home"!

Such women are very foolish. Do they ever realise with their own hands, they are thrusting their future happiness away from them for ever? Take this well to heart, you wives; the day will come when baby, grown to hood or womanhood, must leave you—when Jennie, Jack find husbands and wives of their own and the nest is empty. Then will you find that it is too late to pick up the dropped threads of life such as you knew it when your husband was your all.

Playing Second Fiddle.

Here is another side to the question upon which wife and girl would do well to ponder thoughtfully. Men crave so much for the wife's sympathy and love, finding it is centred in the children, they are driven, and it is advisedly, driven to seeking it elsewhere. All men are not of the nature of the man who can solace himself with a pipe or a book. They want love and real companionship and it is up to you as a wife to keep right on with the marriage bargain—to love and interest your man; in fact to be his wife in every sense of the word.

If you fail in this, there may be some other woman ready to fill that place. You simply cannot blame your husband. He didn't bargain to play second fiddle throughout the piece!

The Yankee's Reverence.

In the book which Miss Helen Mar, the well-known entertainer, has compiled about herself and her work, she has incorporated many of the anecdotes with which she has amused and convulsed audiences. Here is a sample:—A rich American came to London, and met an Englishman who—strangely enough—liked him and asked him to his house. The Englishman was a great collector of antiques, curiosities, etc., and showed the American, among other things, a table and chair, and, pointing to them, said, "That table and that chair once belonged to Milton." "Really," said the American, and knelt down and reverently kissed both table and chair.

"And," continued the Englishman, "that table was very one on which that immortal classic, 'Paradise Lost' was written." "What was written?" questioned the American. "Paradise Lost!" was the reply. "Who wrote it?" questioned the American. "Milton," replied the Englishman. "Who did you say owned that table?" "Milton," answered the host. "Gosh!" ejaculated the rich one, in a tone of disgust, "I thought you said Lipton."

In the Good Old Days.

Weary Willie: Of course ye wouldn't think it mum, I rode in a carriage during my youthful days.
Old Lady: Poor man! Here's something for you. Was it your happy lot to ride in a carriage?
Weary Willie: 'Bout 40 years ago, mum. Me mother pushed it.



What the Old Bachelor Thinks.

Eight men had to be engaged to carry the coffin of Mrs. Sarah Doddington, of Clerkenwell, who weighed three stone, at the funeral, and a special hearse was provided.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

INVESTIGATIONS OF INTEREST TO AMBITIOUS READERS.

the ambition of everybody—an ambition openly or concealed according to character—to “get rich quick.” But this, alas, is not within the potentialities of any man at first, at any rate. For one thing, capital is not within the reach of most of us at the outset of our career. But our next greatest ambition is far nearer to our grasp—indeed it should be within the reach of everybody possessing a mind and sense—a lucrative job.

Necessity for Quickness.

In this twentieth century, however, when competition in every sphere of activity, is keener than ever, as in every other sphere of activity, is keener than ever, everything moves quickly, and every man must move with equal rapidity to keep up with that competition. There is no time, now, for that pathetic figure of our grandfather's days, the typical “plodder.” The spirit of the age is—if not “get rich quick”—at any rate “get on quick.”

If you do not get on quick, some other person will get on first, and beat you. This is the case no less in student-life than in actual employment. Whether you have got to pass an examination, or whether you are simply preparing for one, it is essential that you should make yourself qualified in the shortest possible space of time; because otherwise some other person will step in before you and secure the lucrative appointment you had set your heart on.

For this reason it behoves every business teacher who wishes to achieve good results to perfect his students in the shortest possible time. Mark you, we do *not* suggest that he should rush them through a series of courses and dump them on the business market unfinished and comparatively incompetent, as a great many business trainers do. We say that he should “perfect” them—but we again emphasise that he should do this with as little delay as possible. He must place them on the Royal Road to business success.

Thoroughness and Speed.

There is one man in London who has brought the art of business teaching to the highest possible combination of thoroughness and speed. He has devised, after many years of earnest study, what he calls—and aptly—the “New Rapid” system of business training. And in the interests of our thousands of readers who aspire to good appointments either for themselves or for their sons and daughters, the Editor of *Modern Man* recently took it upon himself to call upon the inventor of this system, and to investigate his methods and the conduct of his extensive college.

The gentleman in question, Mr. F. Harvey Hatchard, Principal of the Holborn Hall College, for many years examiner in shorthand to the Council of Higher Education, Newfoundland, and a member of the Institut Sténographique des Deux Mondes, Paris, received us with great courtesy, and answered our often ingenuous questions on business points with unfailing readiness and good humour.

“Undoubtedly the foremost requirement of the modern business man or woman is proficiency in shorthand,” said Mr. Hatchard. “Every business house of any standing employs shorthand writers, and its principal clerks are expected to possess a knowledge of this art. A casual inspection of any daily paper will disclose the fact that in fully one-third of the situations offered for clerks, book-keepers, foreign correspondents, and, in short, in almost every branch of modern business and industry, applicants having a knowledge of shorthand are given the preference; and it is evident in many cases that shorthand is a *sine qua non* of such positions.”

Demand Exceeds the Supply.

“It is a rather startling assertion—but nevertheless an undeniably true one—that the demand for competent shorthand writers greatly exceeds the supply. It is a fact that shorthand—of a kind—is taught in nearly every important school in the kingdom, and that evening continuation classes specially embracing this subject are conducted in hundreds of Council schools. But—and it is a big but—in a sadly small majority of such places the shorthand taught is practically useless, because the system is imperfect; and, moreover, it is not taught on the right lines.”

I claim for my ‘New Rapid’ course of Sloan-Duployan shorthand, continued Mr. Harvey Hatchard, “that it is the most perfect form of abbreviated writing ever invented.

And I do not fear contradiction. By a re-arrangement of the lessons of the original Sloan-Duployan system, combined with several principles of abbreviation and effective aids to memory, my College is able to guarantee absolutely a speed of at least 80 words per minute in one month. Some of my students have been known to do 90 words a minute in that time without the slightest previous knowledge. The following record, though, will take some beating.

Student Perfected in 14 Days.

“A man came to us who possessed a very imperfect knowledge of ordinary shorthand. Well, I perfected his knowledge, in my own way, and in *fourteen days* he wrote a steady 140 words per minute, and, indeed, on one occasion he did 150 words in that time.”

“What is the nature of the system?” said Mr. Hatchard, echoing our query. “Well, it is what I call ‘geometric.’ The great feature is that the vowels are written on to the outline of the word without lifting the pen, thus obviously making for enormously increased speed. Whatever speed is being written, it is impossible to separate the sound from the outline; and this again makes for the greatest possible simplicity in transcript.”

“The letter *r*, again, is one of the most frequently recurring in the language. So that in this unique system we denote the presence of the letter *r* by the simple means of thickening the letter to which it is connected—another immeasurable saving of time and increase of speed.”

U.S.A. Speed Championships.

Undoubtedly the “New Rapid” course of shorthand is the predominant one at the present time, judging from the following facts.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt has a Sloan-Duployan writer as his secretary in his Presidential campaign.

The speed championships in the U.S.A. for the last 11 years have been won by users of the Sloan-Duployan system. In Newfoundland it is the only system used.

Some four or five years ago two reporters, a girl of 14 and a boy aged 15, were appointed official stenographers to the Newfoundland Legislature. Each was a Sloan-Duployan writer.

It is not, however, in shorthand alone that the Holborn Hall College specialises. That institution's aim, as we hinted before, is to turn out men and women thoroughly qualified in every requirement of every branch of modern business activity. Thus there are classes for book-keeping, typewriting, advertising, commercial correspondence, and even public speaking.

It was the advertising course which appealed most strongly to our Editor's journalistic mind during his visit to Holborn Hall College.

Giving a Man Ideas.

“The average course of advertising instruction,” said Mr. Hatchard, “takes a long time to master, and teaches a lot that a man really does not need to know. Our system is to give a man *ideas*—the be-all and the end-all of present day advertising—and teach him how to develop those ideas. Take, for instance, the provincial tradesman, shop-keeper, or business man. He will spend anything from £2 to £10 weekly in advertising in the local papers. But his advertisements will be only very imperfectly prepared and presented by untrained local men; and will carry no increase of business.”

“This is where *we* come in. With our system, we propose to teach that tradesman or business-man how to do his *own* advertising.”

Tour of the Premises.

Under the guidance of Mr. Hatchard, we then made a tour of the various class-rooms. In some, typewriters clicked continuously under the deft fingers of earnest students, in others busy pencils were taking down dictation at a rate that would make many tear their hair in desperation.

And in a large room a busy staff was engaged in sending out correspondence lessons to the College's thousands of members all over the world.

The Editor of *Modern Man*, marvelling at this hive of industry, went down the lift full of enthusiasm.

OUR STAND AGAINST MORMONISM.

YANKEE SMYTH-PIGOTTS AT WORK IN NORTH LONDON.

Last week we warned our readers that a band of Mormon missionaries has started proselytising operations in Hornsey; and the result of this statement was a literal torrent of letters pouring into the offices of *Modern Man*. The majority were from anxious fathers and mothers of girls living in North London, begging us to put forth all our energy to drive away the danger from their district.

Asked Strange Questions.

"My daughter, Ethel," said a lady, writing from an address in Kingsland Road, "attends evening continuation classes in shorthand and typewriting; and these keep her out until about 9.30 or 10 at night. One night last week she came in looking rather distraught, but when I questioned her she said nothing was the matter. On the following evening, however, she returned visibly upset, and told me that she had repeatedly been spoken to of late by a clerical-looking individual who had, to use the child's own words—(she is only sixteen, but looks older)—'asked her a lot of strange questions which she did not understand.' He had said nothing to which exception could be taken, she declared, but his dictatorial manner and masterful demeanour, also a strong nasal accent, had well-nigh terrified her. Well, sir, I am not a young woman, but a widow, and a considerable invalid; and I live alone with my daughter. I cannot see her home from the evening classes, and so I am very worried about what I should do. I am now keeping her away from them for a time; but please do not slacken in your good work against what our vicar joins me in declaring is a Mormon peril in our neighbourhood.—C.P.H., London, N."

No Intention to Slacken.

Let C.P.H. set her mind at rest. *Modern Man* does not intend to slacken in its strenuous campaign. We will not pause until this very real evil has been stamped out all over the United Kingdom. One of the results of our receiving so many letters in the same strain as that quoted above was that we immediately sent a special Commissioner to Hornsey and other districts in North London to investigate the extent of the work that the Mormons were doing in that part of the capital. Other places will be dealt with later.

He found that these creatures are conducting their operations much more daringly there than in any other district that they have visited up to now. Consequently, feeling runs very high against them at Hornsey, and the subject of the danger entailed by their presence is on the lips of every responsible person in the place.

Our Commissioner called upon a well-known local philanthropist, an elderly gentleman who has at different times occupied various important public positions in the locality.

Filled with Indignation.

"The operations of these Mormon rascals fill me with the utmost indignation," said this gentleman to *Modern Man's* commissioner, "and I am glad to say that I was able, the other afternoon, to be instrumental in rescuing one young English girl, at any rate, from their iniquitous influence. This is what happened. I was returning to Hornsey from King's Cross in a third-class carriage. Seated in the corner was a young work-girl. I should say she was a tailor's assistant, for she carried some clothes tied up in a black linen bundle.

At Finsbury Park Station a man of about fifty, dressed in clerical garb and with a short goatee beard, got in, took the seat next to the girl and began talking to her in earnest undertones. I could see from the girl's manner that she did not know this man; and the circumstance struck me as very suspicious.

"A marked American 'twang' in his voice strengthened my conviction that he was a Mormon missionary.

"So I got up and gave him my card—(I am well-known in North London) and warned him that if he were what I suspected, I should take speedy action. He said nothing; and it is significant that he got out at the next station. I asked the girl for her name and address, and have since called on her parents and given them a warning, of which, I am glad to say, they have taken full advantage."

Want Money as Well.

Further startling information was given to our representative by the incumbent of a Hornsey living, who has devoted

much attention to the Mormon activities in the neighbourhood.

"Although the recruiting of potential plural wives undoubtedly a prominent purpose of these missionaries, said the reverend gentleman in question, 'it is not the only object. Their operations are prosecuted very much after the fashion of the Spaxton Agapemonites, the sect headed by the notorious Smyth-Pigott. What they seek as well as plural wives is money. That is why they seek to lure out to Utah, not only girls of all grades of society, but also men, some possessing means of their own, and others skilled workmen, and the like, who will be able to make money and subscribe funds to the Zionist exchequer."

"There is a man in my parish who, I am afraid, is a little weak in the head. He has at times entered into allegiance with all sorts of strange sects. Among others he was, at one time, an adherent of Smyth-Pigott. He has, however, broken with each in turn, declaring that he was not treated with sufficient consideration. He is quite comfortably off, and he is now well under the influence of Mormonism, and despite my earnest persuasions to the contrary is determined to go out to Utah in a few weeks' time."

Cunning Evangelists.

"It must not be forgotten," went on my informant, "the Mormon 'evangelists' are very cunning. They give one little or no 'handle' for attack in their sermons or tracts.

"In fact, a great many of them are really earnest, but the dupes of a small body of greedy, dishonest leaders in Utah. What is done is this, in the case of male converts ('Zionists'). They are sent out to Utah and are permitted to enter into an agreement to pay periodically a portion of their incomes, earned at our homes. Again, have relations in the United Kingdom to whom they send money they are made to pay a share of the same. All this, with the collusion of the Mormon leaders, needless to say, find all sorts of means of deflecting a centage of such subscriptions into their own pockets."

Further Reason for Energy.

The reverend gentleman, who has made a close study of the methods of Zion, explained a further reason for the Mormons' desire to send male disciples to Utah. "To a gradually increasing settlement in that State of American Mormons from other parts of America, there is a growing likelihood of the Mormons being outnumbered and voted at elections. That is why they want men."

But men can look after themselves. Moreover, they do go out to Utah, most, if not all, of them will know how to get back. Women and girls, however, are helpless; and it is in their defence that *Modern Man* is agitating. Girls of Hornsey, and not less all over Essex, remember that Mormonism is an even worse form of Smyth-Pigottism, and heed our earnest warning:—

BEWARE!

Offer to an Essex Girl.

The latest letter received is from "E.E.," Manor Park, Essex, who says:—

"I, as many others, am indeed grateful for your timely warning re Mormonism. They are apparently working very hard in this district. Only to-day a friend of mine received a letter from Utah offering her a berth. Describing one of these individuals as a clerical-looking priest, my future wife informs me a man called at her residence with the usual enticement; but I am pleased to say that he got more than he bargained for. Although I have no fear on her account, I regret this cannot be said in all cases, for this great evil is only half realised.

"It seems to me they are adopting the same measures as mentioned in this week's *Modern Man*, viz., the door-to-door system. I think if you continue to publish different haunts these hounds are plying their efforts the public of the particular localities will be prepared. Thus I write. If only the men who honour the maidenhood of England would band themselves together, I think we should succeed in driving these hypocrites out of the country."

Can you answer these questions?

Every man engaged in business ought to know the answers to these questions. DO YOU know them all?

YOU will probably find it quite easy to answer most of these questions, but unless you are a rare and brilliant exception you will find several others a good deal more difficult. Some of them, indeed, may be altogether beyond you. And yet, you will agree, they are all questions that you have to answer any day in your own business. So if only out of curiosity—run through the list and see how many you can answer correctly.

20 Specimen Questions.

1. What is the exact purpose of a ledger?
2. What do these signs mean: "E. & O. E.," "F.A.S.," and "G.A."?
3. How do you open a branch?
4. What is a consignment note?
5. Do you know how to organise a sale?
6. Do you understand office organisation?
7. What is the difference between sending goods on "consignment" and "on sale or return"?
8. How often by law must a factory be "lime-washed"?
9. How and when is a judgment summons issued?
10. What is the cost of registering a limited company?
11. What is the rule about doubtful debts in assessing income tax?
12. Do you know how to take out a patent?
13. Must a receipt be in writing to be valid?
14. What exactly is a "special settlement"?
15. How and when can you claim for loss of an article sent by registered post?
16. What is the difference between a factor and a broker?
17. How would you draw up a selling scheme?
18. How does a secured creditor in bankruptcy abandon his security?
19. Is a seaside shopkeeper liable for rates in the winter when his shop is shut up?
20. How can you recover debts at court without the expense of a solicitor or collecting agency?

How Many Did You Answer?

Well, how have you come through this examination in business knowledge? You must not forget that the knowledge of these facts and of many other facts like them is absolutely necessary to you if you mean to succeed. If you are in business for yourself you know how useful you would find it to be able to answer any business problem that arose if you are working for others you must realise that your employer will value you more highly if he knows he can go to you for information when he needs it.

How You Can Answer All.

And that is why the "Business Encyclopædia and Legal Adviser" is so valuable a work—because it contains information about every point in business life. With it by your side you can answer any question about business that is put to you. For instance, you can answer all the questions that are just asked yourself. You will find the full purpose of a ledger in the article on Ledgers, Vol. III., page 294. Under "Abbreviations" you will find the meaning of every trade and sign that is used in business to-day. The third question you will solve by looking up the fine article on the "Idea in Business," and so on with all the other questions; and, in fact, with any question about anything

relating to business. Thus, in question 10, you will find in a moment that the shopkeeper is liable for rates for the whole time (see Vol. III., page 20).

How This Concerns You.

These questions may not arise in your business, but others do, and if you think it would mean anything to you to know at once what to say or do in every emergency, you should send the coupon below for a handsome illustrated book on Business, telling all about the "Business Encyclopædia" and giving the names of the successful business men who have written it. It also tells how any reader of MODERN MAN may obtain the complete work in seven volumes for a first payment of 1s. 6d. only, and pay the balance in small monthly payments. Sending the coupon commits you to nothing. Is such an opportunity one you should miss?

All the information you get from the "Business Encyclopædia" is up-to-date and reliable, for its contributors include many of the most successful business men of the day, among them being such famous men as Richard Burbidge (Managing-Director Harrod's Stores), S. F. Edge (the well-known Motor Expert), John Lawrie (Managing-Director William Whiteley, Ltd.), Sir Joseph Lyons (Managing-Director J. Lyons and Co., Ltd.), H. G. Selfridge (Founder of Selfridge's, Ltd.), Wareham Smith (Advertisement Director of the "Daily Mail"), &c., &c.

Two Opinions.

J. S. FRY & SONS, Ltd., Bristol, write:

"We strongly advise all commercial men to purchase the work. It is the work *par excellence* for every business man to possess."

A CASHIER'S OPINION.

Mr. L. C. Horsley, Cashier, Marlborough Road, Ipswich: "I find it of the greatest possible assistance to me in my work as cashier to one of the largest manufacturing companies in East Anglia. I am sorry there were not such valuable sources of information years ago. It would have saved me hours of work."

A FREE BOOK.

This coupon entitles you to one free copy of the book describing the "Business Encyclopædia," but it must be sent at once. It tells all about the work and the specially low terms to readers of "Modern Man."

To the CAXTON PUBLISHING Co., LTD.,
52, Surrey Street, London, W.C.

Please send me one complimentary copy of the book on the "Business Encyclopædia." I am a reader of MODERN MAN.

Name _____
(Send this form or a postcard.)

Address _____

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT.

BY OUR PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

Boxing Dangers.

A correspondent, to whom I reply elsewhere, explains that some time ago he injured one of his thumbs while boxing with a friend. Since then he has suffered from pains and weakness in thumb, wrist and forearm.

I have advised him to consult a doctor, but may here deal with the frequency of injuries to the thumb in boxing.

Common they are, but should not be, for they are usually due to one of two easily avoidable causes. The first is the use of gloves so stiff that the fist cannot be properly clenched inside them. The result is that the thumb instead of being doubled across the knuckles protrudes and is easily sprained, dislocated, or even broken when a blow is delivered that gets home on a hard part of the adversary's anatomy.

The moral is, don't use boxing gloves in which you cannot properly double the fist. If you have landed yourself with such a pair knead the stuffing down or have some of it removed.

Thumbs are also injured at boxing through hitting with the open hand.

This may be due to using "improper" gloves, but many boxers have got into the very bad habit of hitting or flicking open-handed.

This, of course, is dead against the rules, and is dangerous not only to the foul boxer, but his opponents, who may easily have an eye seriously injured by a protruding finger or thumb.

Some boxers fail to clench the fist even with reasonably supple gloves, because their grip is weak.

Hence the importance to the boxer of developing his grip by means of finger, wrist and forearm exercises.

I make these remarks partly in reply to my correspondent's letter, partly in view of the re-opening of the boxing season.

For Deltoids.

The "expander" exercise I give this week is particularly good for developing the deltoids, that is, the large triangular muscles of the shoulders, and also the trapezius muscle of the wrist.

As shown in illustration, hold the "expander" behind the back, arms perfectly straight, fingers just touching thighs, palms facing.

Now raise the arms simultaneously until they are in a line with the shoulders, a horizontal line that is, knuckles uppermost. Return and repeat.

Another good exercise for the deltoids is performed as follows: Hold the expander again behind the back, but this time diagonally across it, right handle just behind and above right shoulder, left handle to the side of the left hip.

Now press up right arm, which has been doubled by your side until it is perfectly straight and perpendicular to right shoulder. Return and repeat; then reverse the position, the left arm being doubled and pressed upwards. These movements also exercise the triceps.

"Scragginess."

A correspondent complains of "scragginess" and asks me to prescribe a remedy.

There is more than one kind of "scragginess." There is the "scragginess" of hard, coarse muscles, more especially those of the calf, due frequently to too much exercise, particularly prolonged skipping. However, with "scragginess" we usually associate a lean neck, protruding bones, and a general air of being under-nourished.

In the way of diet a "scraggy" person should drink a glass of fresh milk a day, partake regularly of soups, porridge, eggs, cocoa, and a salad well "anointed" with olive oil.

He will probably benefit by sipping (not drinking) two pints of water a day, half a wine glassful at a time.

A "scraggy" neck will be much improved by the head-bending and head-stretching exercises I have previously described, but the real remedy for scragginess lies in fresh air, diet, moderate exercise, and, where possible, avoidance of all hurry and worry.



Answers to Correspondents.

E.H.P. (Penarth, near Cardiff).—(a) Should advise you to consult a physician or surgeon. The trouble may be something or it may be nothing, but it is for a medical man to say. (b) We are afraid that you must put up with the nose that Nature has given you.

The shape of a nose may be altered by surgical operation, but this would be a highly expensive business. Thank you for kind wishes and compliments.

K.H.S. (Battersea).—(a) You appear to be suffering from muscular rheumatism, but yours is essentially a case for medical advice and treatment. (b) Your measurements do not strike me as being below the average. Your neck and biceps might be improved, but on the other hand your chest is excellent. I deal with "scragginess" in my first column.

W.A.B. (Walsall).—Consult a doctor without delay.

C.R.L. (Batham).—A boxing referee has power and authority to stop a contest when he considers that a man is outclassed and has been unduly punished. It is true that more punishment can be given with the gloves than with the bare knuckles—that is, if the contest goes any distance.

M.J. (Colchester).—"Wrist drop" is an affection peculiar to lead-workers and is due to plumbism or lead-poisoning. The muscles of the fingers, hands, and wrists become paralysed.

NIBLICK (Leadenhall Street).—I should say that on an average links an average golfer does about five miles actual walking per round.

C.A. (Winchester).—I don't believe in taking even a glass of water at half-time. The professional player either suck a slice of lemon or just rinses his mouth out with water.

A.O. (Doncaster).—You appear to be suffering from staleness. Drop your exercises altogether for at least three days. To derive full benefit from physical culture exercises they should be widely and frequently varied; you should take a weekly day of rest from them, and drop them for two or three days the month if it becomes an effort or a bore to perform them.

H.F. (Berwick-on-Tweed).—Pulse foods, like beans and peas, have great nutritive and dietetic value, but should be used sparingly. Many vegetarians are unhealthy because they regard themselves quite as much as any inordinate flesh-eater.

ALEX. (West Dulwich).—After really hard exercise you should allow at least an hour to elapse before making a substantial meal.

G. FITZG. (Queenstown).—I think that a man of over twenty-five can do with a bottle of light but sound French claret a day without doing himself any harm.

POSSESS STRONG PERSONALITY.

"The St. Settef Course of Will-Culture" (Entered at Stationers' Hall) teaches how to develop your Will-Power to double its present strength in a few months. Your mouth and jaw become firmer and stronger, your eyes become more lustrous, and your gaze truly magnetic. Your will becomes more powerful, and you possess stronger personality. The course is taught by the St. Settef Institute, Dept. M., Perth, N.B. (For a full and complete description of the course, send three penny stamps for particulars of my special offer. Enrol to-day, next week will see you delighted with your progress.)

THE ST. SETTEF INSTITUTE (Dept. M.), PERTH, N.B.

P.S.—Our Course is recommended by the Editor and Physical Culture Expert of "Modern Man."



STRENGTH BY MAIL.

I offer perfect health and physical development—will eradicate troublesome complaints and physical defects. I don't ask for much of either your time or money. Write to-day for Free Book, "Health Before All," and terms with special offer. Ladies' booklet free also.

THOMAS INCH, Ltd., (Dept. M. M.), Munster House, FULHAM, LONDON, S.W.



HEIGHT INCREASED.

If you are under forty, I can increase your height by from two to three inches within three months, by means of my special exercises. No apparatus, no drugs, no special diet. Send three penny stamps for particulars of my special offer.

ARTHUR GIRVAN

(Specialist in the Increase of Height.)
Dept. M 17, Stroud Green Rd., London, N.

When replying to Advertisements, please mention "Modern Man."

CYCLE NOTES AND BARGAINS.

READER'S PRAISE OF OUR EXCHANGE BUREAU.

Our Free Exchange Bureau, established for the exchange, sale and purchase of motor and pedal cycles, continues to be widely appreciated, and the only stipulation which is made in connection with it is that a reader must make his requirements known in not more than twelve words, to be written on the coupon printed in next column.

Please state in your letter if you prefer a box number or your address to appear in the advertisement.

As we have not included in this page any correspondence from the many appreciative advertisers in our "Exchange Bureau," but this week an exception is being made. Writing from Eden House, Redcar, Mr. A. R. Old says:—

Dear Sir,—

Referring to your letter of 26th ult. enclosing a reply to my advt. under Motor Box 30, I must tender you my thanks for your prompt attention.

I have now sold the machine.

I have advertised the machine in a local newspaper and also in a London paper, but received no replies thereto, and therefore consider your paper to be the best advertising medium for sporting goods, etc.

Wishing your paper every success.

Yours faithfully, A. R. OLD.

IS TRACK RACING NECESSARY?

All motor cyclists will have read with regret of the accident in America, not only on account of the fatalities but because of the stigma "dangerous" which will be more firmly rooted in the minds of a certain section of the non-motoring public.

I do not condemn such exhibitions in toto, as no one is more qualified to judge of the risks they run than the participants, and if they consider the fees paid for riding sufficiently attractive then the matter becomes purely a personal one. But in justice to the sport of motor cycling it is only fair to remember that these contests are not organised by the clubs controlling motor cycling, but by financiers catering for a sensation-loving public, who are always willing to pay to see a man risk his life.

To Be Deplored.

However, from a rider's standpoint it is a pity that the particular make of the winning machine, as even the veriest novice knows that the similarity between a firm's track racer and their standard models begins and ends with the tank; and when racing is done on practically standard machines it is a significant fact that although the winner is sometimes on view the general public are not permitted to inspect the extent of the wear on the bearings and bushes, a discreet silence being maintained on this point.

Very few manufacturers can claim sales solely on the fact that their machine has done 70-m.p.h. to the 65-m.p.h. of another make.

Track Racing Only.

On the other hand there are numbers of manufacturers whose machines have never distinguished themselves on a racing track but for which there is such a demand that they cannot be turned out fast enough.

My censure of racing, of course, is confined to track racing only. Reliability trials, hill climbs, and road races, which are all conducted under conditions that the average motor cycle is called upon to meet, means that the competing machines are practically standard, and the "duds" are very soon eliminated.

These contests also contain just that spice of danger that is necessary before a pastime can be designated a sport besides demanding skill, nerve, and endurance for hours on the part of the rider, which is more than can be said for the 90-m.p.h. of the track.

Something Useful.

A very useful article which should be in the tool-bag of every rider who goes in for night riding, is the "Repairlite," which consists of a flexible metal tube and mirror.

In investigating trouble after dark you simply detach the rubber tube from generator to lamp, and slip the Repairlite on the outlet nipple of the generator. The Repairlite tube, although flexible, will remain in any position,

and with a mirror-lens behind the burner it will be seen that a powerful light can be projected in any part of the machine, leaving both hands free for the job in question.

The question has been asked whether pumice stone is the best thing to use for cleansing the hands from grease and oil. This stone will certainly do this, but rather at the expense of the skin. There are several special soaps made for removing oil, and it is believed do their work admirably without hurting the skin, which seems preferable. But, as a matter of fact, the oil and grease you are likely to get on your hands from cycling can be easily removed with ordinary soap and hot water. It is only the heavy viscous oils, loaded with plumbago, which motorists use which require special means for removal.

MOTOR CYCLES.

- A.J.S., 1912, 5 h.p., Cowey Speedometer, NL all saddle, 50 guineas lowest.—Motor, Box 45, "Modern Man," Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.
- Fafnir, 3 h.p., Chater No. 6 frame, B. and B., very low, perfect condition, £12 10s.—G. E. Dunning, 102, Culford Road, Kingsland Road, N.
- De Dion, 2½, new acc., lamp, horn, 1912, B. and B., new tyres throughout, £13 10s. Gtd. running order.—Motor Box, 46, "Modern Man" (as above).
- Rudge, 3½ h.p., 1912, used very little. Nearest £36 Motor, Box 47, "Modern Man," (as above).
- Rudge (1912), free engine, together with side-car. All spares. £62.—Motor, Box 48, "Modern Man" (as above).
- Scott, 1910, 4 h.p., two-speed, in good condition, £30.—Motor Box 49, "Modern Man" (as above).
- Rex, 3½ h.p., tyres as new, £9.—Motor, Box 50, "Modern Man" (as above).
- Royal Enfield, 2½, 1912, two-speed, free engine.—Offers to Motor, Box 51, "Modern Man," (as above).
- Quadrant, 3½-h.p., nearly new, Dunlops, powerful engine, good condition, lamp and accessories, £20.—Bedford, "Hazelwood," Hazel Road, Altrincham.
- 3½-h.p. Rover, just overhauled, splendid condition, bargain, £14.—Grant, 19, Prebend Gardens, Chiswick.
- Rex 3½, Amue. H.B.C., fast and reliable, Avon tyres and belt, £9.—59, Rothschild Road, Chiswick Park.

CYCLES.

- WANTED Gent's cycle, 26-in. frame, gear case, 3-speed gear, cheap, approval.—Cycle, Box 19, "Modern Man" (as above).
- FOR Sale, Royal Enfield, gents, gtd. running order, £2 10s.—Cycle, Box 20, "Modern Man" (as above).
- All-Black Sunbeam, gent's, in excellent condition, £8.—Cycle, Box 21, "Modern Man" (as above).
- Model de Luxe, gent's, splendid condition. Exchange—Model Printing Press.—Clark, Tobacconist, 17, Prospect Street, Lancaster.

Readers will oblige by letting us know immediately a sale or exchange has been effected.

COUPON.

Motor and Pedal Cycle Exchange.

Name and Address _____

BUY AT FACTORY PRICES ALL YOUR CYCLING REQUISITES.



Cycle agents, repairers, and all cycle buyers should write AT ONCE for our 248 page WHOLESALE Catalogue—contains marvellous offers. Keenest factory prices. For example: FREE WHEEL CYCLES 55/6.

GUARANTEED 2 YEARS, fitted with two roller lever brakes, lined 2 colours. Bells 3½d.; Brakes 1/6; Chains 1/6; Free Wheels 1/6; Pedals 1/1 pair; Leather Puncture Proof Bands 3d.; Nickel Plating Powder 6d., etc. By buying from our Wholesale List

YOU SAVE POUNDS PER YEAR.

Mind you, each Catalogue costs 1/- to print and 4d. post. We give you one FREE, but ask for 2d. stamps towards postage. For 3d. in stamps we will send our Art List of Motor Cycle Goods as well.

Save money—Secure your copy TO-DAY.

MOORHOUSE LTD., WINCHESTER WORKS, Dept. 17: PADIHAM, LANCS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

The new account opened in thumping style, and in the Home Railway market Districts are well to the front.

At the time of writing they are over 43, so I can only sincerely hope my readers have taken advantage of my continuous advice to buy Districts.

If you bought early sell, and take a nice profit, although I am still convinced they will touch £50.

Many readers have written to me this last week asking my opinion about Little Chats. I hardly know what to say. At the present time they are a gamble, but I believe a good gamble.

If Kent Coal is right, Chathams are all right; and although it may sound tall talk, it is quite possible for them to go to par in the next year or two.

The market at the present moment is bullish, and as you do not stand to lose much, but perhaps make a lot, have a plunge.

South Eastern deferred are still on the up-grade, but I cannot recommend East London despite all the talk about being linked up with the Underground.

I have been inundated with correspondence about Rhodesian Central Gold Mining.

For the benefit of readers wishing to purchase the 10s. shares, I may say the capital of the Company is £50,000, which is small for an enterprise of this character.

To my mind it is one of the most favourable points, as I hate over-capitalised concerns. In this case only moderate success will enable the Company to pay good dividends.

Point number two is that the right people are behind it—this gives me added confidence in inducing you to come in.

Next point—I have just heard one of the big South African men has arrived at the Odzi district, where the Rhodesian Central is working, and picking up properties.

As, however, the Rhodesian Central has forestalled them by securing the cream, I want you to take a hand in the enterprise now.

I can secure the 10s. ordinary shares for you now at about 11s. per share, and I therefore want you to send me your instructions immediately as the shares will be quoted on the Stock Exchange next week or the week after, and then your chance will be gone.

As soon as the information in my hands becomes public I am certain the shares will quickly rise to 15s., or even 20s., and that is the time I shall want you to realise instead of purchase.

If you want to do yourself a good turn send me your instructions now, and I will arrange for a broker to secure your interest before the rise.

The market in Exploring Land and Minerals is expanding, and quite a big business is being done in the shares. I have put you on a good thing here, and when shares touch 9s. you should sell.

In the Rubber market I can still recommend Pataling at about 1/2 2s. 6d. with every confidence, but if you want a small priced share the pick of the bunch is Chersonese.

Among Oil shares Spies are good, also Maikop Pipe Line; they are both certs. for a substantial rise.

Don't forget what I told you last week about Egyptians. Lord Kitchener is not the man to fail.

Egypt is right, and so are United Lands, Delta Lands and Egyptian Investment and Agency.

Everyone is talking about wonderful Canada, and I hope to shortly give you some first-hand information about a new Canadian land share.

A reader writes to say he sold his Cements last Wednesday at 7½. He purchased 100 shares on my advice at 7. A nice profit. Eh!

It is astonishing after all the bucket shop exposures people should still be induced to deal with such people. I say emphatically have nothing to do with any person or firm unless they can assure you that they are a member of the Stock Exchange.

It is remarkable that the Nigeria Tin market has hardly made a move yet, as the price of tin is still on the increase, and has risen to £220 15s. per ton.

Rayfield are the best purchase in this market. Keffis are appreciating in price, and Bauchi Pref. or Ordinary are good.

You can buy Grand Trunk 3rd Pref. with absolute safety, but I am scared to advise a purchase of Mexican Ordinary, even on the reaction, as the country is in an altogether too revolutionary a state. I cannot help feeling, however, that Mexican Second Pref. are worth holding, as the six per cent. dividend is well covered and at £90 per £100 stock they look cheap.

The Marconi manipulation of shares on the Stock Exchange is getting altogether too hot, and I may have a lot to say about this business as well as the jobbers working the market. The public are in to the hilt, and should get out quick. At the outside the shares are not worth more than £2 apiece.

BRIEF REPLIES.

R.E. (Stafford).—The information you require about Rhodesian Central Mining you will find in my notes this week, and you should buy the shares now.

J.T. (Hampstead).—Sell your Associated Cement Ordinary at once, and take the big profit you have made, then buy some Rhodesian Central Mining and Exploring Land and Minerals.

W.W. (Edinburgh).—I cannot recommend Rhodesian Copper, although Mr. Edmund Davis may put up the price now the Rhodesian market is on the move.

A.B. (Brighton).—Sir A. Bailey is behind Amalgamated Props. and may put them higher.

L.O. (Manchester).—Read my notes and then send your instructions for Rhodesian Central Mining.

G.M. (Wood Green).—Buy 100 Chersonese and 25 Spies Petroleum.

S.B. (Leicester).—Take your profit on Cements and buy Metropolitan Districts.

H.H. (Cardiff).—I should not touch Brewery Shares. You could do much better in the Oil or Rubber Market. As requested, I will send you the name of a broker.

D.R. (St. Albans).—You had better send your instructions now for Rhodesian Central Mining, also buy Maikop Pipe Line.

Mug (Bolton).—Do not have anything to do with bucket shops, and deal with a reliable member of the Stock Exchange.

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BRIEF REPLIES TO VARIOUS QUESTIONS.

RAYLEIGH (Essex).—Apply to High Commissioner, Dominion of South Africa, London, S.W.

DRAUGHTS (Leytonstone).—(a) If you touch a piece you must play it if it can be played, but if you wish to adjust the board or a piece you can do so by asking permission of your opponent. (b) A move is completed as soon as you quit the piece with your hand. (c) Black always plays first.

F.C.O.B. (Leicester).—The I.C.S., Ltd., can fit you for and help you to obtain the position of civil engineer.

E.J. (Manchester).—Mr. S. F. Cody is not a brother of "Buffalo Bill." Anyway, he says so, and we presume he ought to know.

A.F.W. (Wimbledon).—For information regarding how to become a Scoutmaster apply to Secretary, Boy Scouts' Association, Victoria Street, S.W. We believe that the office is entirely unpaid.

E.S. (Streatham).—Rugby Union Referees are unpaid, but may receive their bare travelling and hotel expenses.

REX (Cardiff).—(1) Yes. (2) We do recommend the St. Seitel course. (3) No. (4) Have nothing to do with them. (5) Yes.

D.W. (Bristol).—The South African Rugby Team's International Fixtures are as follows: v. Scotland, November 23rd; v. Ireland, November 30th; v. Wales, December 14th; v. England, January 4th. By all accounts they will take a lot of beating.

C.C. (Ashford).—The age of a racehorse is reckoned as beginning on January 1st in the year in which he is foaled. Thus a horse foaled in December would be reckoned as nearly a year old.

W.T. (Bath).—The order of the hands at poker, commencing with the lowest, is: One Pair, Two Pairs, Three of a Kind, Straight, Flush, Full House (three of a kind and a pair), Four of a Kind, Straight Flush, Royal Flush (highest straight flush). A Royal Flush may be equalled, but cannot be beaten. If it could not be equalled then you would be betting on a certainty, which, as Euclid says, is absurd—anyway, against the rules of betting.

R.N.S. (Chichester).—The usual fee payable by a Freemason on initiation is ten guineas, exclusive of lodge subscription, which is usually two or three guineas a year.

T.W. (Middlesbrough).—See reply (No. 2) to "Rex" (Cardiff).

R. YORKE. —Quite reliable.

C.B. (Faversham).—A watch-chain should not be worn at a ball or dance. The reason for this is the likelihood of the chain catching in your partner's dress. Those who sneer at niceties of etiquette forget that there is generally a sensible reason for them. Thus when passing a lady you know you take off your hat with the hand furthest away from her, in the first place so as not to hide your face from her, which would be as discourteous as shaking hands with a person without looking at him, and in the next place to avoid any risk of striking her with your hat or arm.

V.C.I. (Pontypool).—Write to W. and G. Foyle, 135, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.

NIGGER (Chatham) asks the best material for blacking his face for a Christy minstrel entertainment in which he proposes to take part. On the authority of Mr. G. H. Chirgwin there is nothing to beat burnt cork—preferably a champagne cork.

F.G. (Golder's Green).—There are some persons who think it clever never to believe in the genuineness of any sporting feat, such as Burgess's Channel Swim. Personally, we regard this attitude as the highest form of stupidity.

MISS J.S. (York).—An Englishwoman who marries a foreigner follows the nationality of her husband, whether he resides in England or not—that is, unless he is, or becomes, a naturalised Englishman.

H.H. (Glasgow).—If either party to a (horse-racing) match die before the event the match is off.

E.R.J. (Brondesbury).—Big London dailies have no time for training sub-editors and reporters. The sort of man they want is he who has had a thorough training in either capacity on provincial newspapers.

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THE WEEK'S RACING.

BY "THE OLD HAND."

The Racing Editor will wire the best thing he knows each day for 5s. weekly, or will send a single message for 1s. Selections will be wired overnight for the benefit of readers who cannot deal with mid-day messages.

My contention that Lomond had not undergone the necessary preparation for a race like the St. Leger was fully borne out by the result, and what is more I had the satisfaction of seeing a horse I tipped to beat him canter home in the easiest possible manner, and I hope every one of my readers took my advice and had a real good win.

The acceptances for the Autumn handicap, which appeared in a special calendar published last Wednesday, are not what might be called satisfactory, but there is nevertheless material for a good race in both the Cesarewitch and Cambridge. It is interesting to note that despite rumours that Cherimoya would not appear in public again, she still stands her ground, but I cannot, of course, at the moment say whether or not she is likely to fulfil her engagement. It is not surprising to see Tidal Wave amongst the list of forfeits, as with 8st. 5lbs., he was set an impossible task. Amongst those weighted above 8st. are such useful stayers as Jackdaw, Tullibardine, Ultimous and Balscadden. The latter, with a 10lb. penalty for his success in the Prince Edward Handicap, only has to shoulder 8st. 3lbs., and his chance looks very tempting. Lower down, Lady Eileen, who at Lewes gave Wilfrid 13lbs. and a four lengths beating, appears to be well in, and Irish Marine, an ex-hurdler—mark this—has a chance.

Already tips are going round for Wanono and Tara, but I do not like horses lightly weighted for races of this description, and would rather take one that has done something to justify the handicapper in putting it somewhere near the top. Such a one, in my estimation is

JACKDAW,

who has been my fancy since the weights appeared.

There is no more interesting race during the season from a speculative point of view than the Cambridgeshire, and though the acceptance is not so good as one could wish for, there is plenty of scope for shrewd investments. Whisk Broom and Long Set, joint top weights, are entitled to all the weight they have, and The Story has all the weight he is entitled to. Mushroom has not exhibited the same form this season as earned him a tall reputation last year, but it should not be overlooked that he ran remarkably for about the distance of this race in the Coronation Cup at Epsom. It is a by no means easy race to deal with off hand, and I would rather have an opportunity of going through the entries carefully before giving a selection.

This week we have racing every day, Warwick, Yarmouth, Ayr (Western Meeting) and Windsor being the meetings. My selections are appended.

WARWICK—Monday.

Corinthian Plate: GROWLER.

Town Selling Welter Handicap: CATHERINE.

WARWICK—Tuesday.

Members' Plate: SLIP.

County Selling Nursery: HIGH ROCK.

Warwick Welter Handicap: PARAVID.

Debdale Selling Handicap: BILL BANG.

YARMOUTH—Wednesday.

Norfolk and Suffolk Handicap: BRAXTED.

Hastings Nursery Handicap: HOMER.

YARMOUTH—Thursday.

Gorleston Nursery Handicap: SNOW SERF.

WESTERN MEETING (AYR)—Wednesday.

Auchencruive Handicap: FIZ-YAMA.

Doon Selling Handicap: SINGIN' HINNIE.

Thursday.

Ayrshire Handicap Plate: ETHERIC.

Juvenile Handicap: ARTICHOKE.

Kyle Handicap: ORMETTE.

Cunningham Selling Welter Handicap: TEARS.

Friday.

Land of Burns Nursery Handicap: LADY SYMINGTON.

Ayr Gold Cup: ASK PAPA.

WINDSOR—Friday.

Royal Borough Handicap: MR. SIEVIER'S SELECTED.

Saturday.

Windsor September Handicap: DEMOSTHENES.

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THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

AGE AND DRESS.

In its early days the *Modern Man* was read chiefly by young men, now it appeals to all ages and classes of masculine (and feminine) readers.

This fact encourages me to introduce a topic which I hope will interest all my readers. I refer to dressing suitably and becomingly to your age. Many men do not.

There is the elderly dandy who dresses in the style of a youth, and only succeeds in making himself look all the older and more decayed.

On the other hand a few young men purposely dress to look older than they are.

These are mostly newly-fledged professional men, doctors, solicitors, and the like, of whom new clients might fight shy did they look their real youth.

Mr. Churchill, too, apparently finds some purpose, political or otherwise, in putting at least ten years on to his life by wearing a low, square felt hat and the clothes of a prosperous undertaker.

As an example of unintentional bad dressing—from the age point of view—there is the young man who wears a diamond pin and a diamond ring. Such jewels are well enough in an elderly or middle-aged man, but as a rule look extremely vulgar in a young one.

HATS FOR ALL AGES.

However, in considering week by week the dress best suited to men of various ages I propose to begin at the top—that is, with hats—and naturally enough I start with the "topper."

The silk hat is an all-rounder; that is, it is practically equally suitable to the elderly, the middle-aged and the young.

It may put a year or two on to the young man, but he can afford that. On the other hand it takes some years off his older brethren.

The man who has passed, say, sixty, should avoid a "bowler" whenever possible. It makes him look old, and to some extent common. I don't quite know why, but it is so.

The middle-aged man can generally wear a bowler with safety, and so can the young man. Some middle-aged men like the Churchill type of hard felt hat, but it is ageing, and utterly lacking in distinction.

THE YOUNG MAN'S HAT.

The straw hat is essentially a young man's hat. Very few middle-aged men look really well in a straw hat, while it is simply horrible on an old man. It shows up his wrinkles and lends him a repellent air of sham juvenility.

For the straw hat the man of over thirty-five should substitute the Homburg or Trilby.

These, on the other hand, are not suited to the young man, certainly not to him of under twenty-five. They give him the appearance of trying to ape the appearance of his elders.

A cap is chiefly for the young man. Of course, older men wear caps when shooting, golfing, etc., but I was referring to wearing a cap with a lounge suit.

With this the middle-aged and still older man is safer in "bowler," Homburg, or Trilby.

In regard to special forms of headgear, the Scotsman may wear his Tam o' Shanter or Glengarry from and up to almost any age.

Next week we will descend to ties, collars, and shirts for the various ages.

THE WINTER WARDROBE.

Just now the thoughtful man is thinking of new winter clothes and overhauling his old ones.

In regard to the latter, if they have been properly kept during the summer—that is, regularly brushed and aired—they should be almost as good as new.

As to new clothes, there will, as I have already predicted, be a slump in Ulster overcoats, and a return to Chesterfields, Meltons and frock overcoats.

With the first two the morning coat will be popular, as a frock coat gets crushed and creased under an overcoat.

A new colour, something between a blue and a grey, will be popular for lounge suits.

There are, however, other aspects of the winter wardrobe than coats and suits.

Shirts, gloves, under-clothes, socks, and boots have to be replenished, but I must deal with these next week.

CREASELESS TROUSERS.

My remark last week that the crease down the middle of the trouser leg is now out of fashion has been questioned in various quarters.

I should perhaps have said that the crease is in disfavour with men who have their nether garments cut in the extreme of peg-top fashion, or have adopted the tight trouser strapped over the boot mode.

Obviously trousers cut in either of these styles would not be improved by a crease down the middle.

For the average man, however, whose trousers are cut on ordinary lines the crease is still correct.

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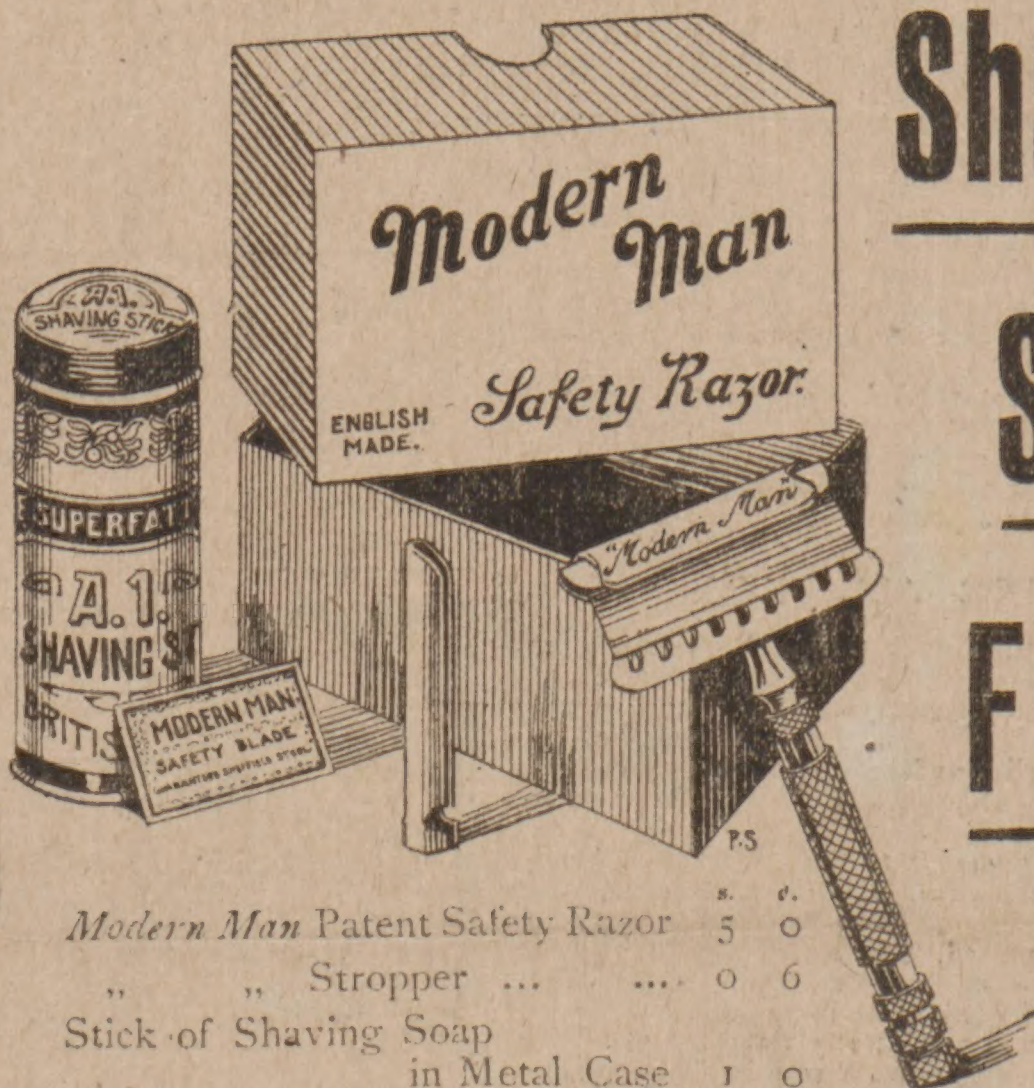
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